

One of Ft. Ord's Air Defense Artillery companies marches to a change of command ceremony Friday.
Photo by David Peterson

Centerfold Myths of the modern army

School editors attack cop policy

by Bill Snyder

Eight students were in a holding cell at Los Angeles State after a brawl last month. The editors of the *University Times* looked on as the students demanded to talk to the press, but the campus police chief refused to allow it, citing the prisoners' right to privacy.

At Fullerton State, hundreds of students scrambled for the exit of the Arts Building as alarm bells clanged one morning last fall. The campus police chief told the editor of the *Daily*

Titan that the nature of the emergency couldn't be divulged because of the fleeing students' right to privacy. Fortunately, the bomb threat proved to be false.

Angered by incidents like these, some 300 editors of college newspapers from all over California will converge on Sacramento tomorrow for the opening of the 30th annual convention of the California Intercollegiate Press Association (CIPA).

The student journalists are expected to act on several resolutions demanding clarification or amendment

of the controversial Information Practices Act of 1977. That act has been interpreted by the chancellor of the California State University and Colleges system (CSUC) to forbid the release of most information to the press by campus cops.

Under an order by the chancellor, effective Jan. 1, routine police documents including arrest, crime, traffic accident and even lost-and-found reports, are beyond the bounds of public scrutiny.

Editors of papers at CSUC campuses at San Diego, Los Angeles, Fullerton, Long Beach, Humboldt and San Francisco said their ability to cover their campuses has been seriously affected by the chancellor's ruling.

Prior to the order, the editors said, they had adequate access to police files. Now, they say, police-press relations have deteriorated.

A resolution by Chet Diestel, editor of the *University Times*, will be presented at the convention Friday. It requests that the California attorney general issue an "official legal opinion of the rights and responsibilities of both the press and the college

and university police" under the Information Privacy Act.

However, Duane Overbeck, an attorney and executive secretary of CIPA, said that an interpretation of the act will probably work against the interests of the press.

"I think the attorney general will probably find that the chancellor's order is in accordance with the law," Overbeck said. "What we need to do is amend the act to exempt the press from its restrictive provisions."

Hearings to amend the act have been held at several campuses and are

now pending before the state Legislature.

Justin Key of the Office of Information Practices, which oversees the act, said he expects an amendment by David Roberti, D-Hollywood, who authored the original act, to pass easily.

But, "it will still not force the state university to disclose that information," Key said.

All of the editors contacted by *Phoenix* support the intent of Diestel's

see COPS, page 9



The weed farmers

Photo by Mark Richards

Pot moonshiners oppose legalization

Last in a series.

by Bill Miller

The new era of pot cultivation has brought an unexpected twist to the divided counter-culture stashed away in the southern Humboldt hills — weed farmers fighting against legalization of their crops.

Back-to-the-land purists favor legalization of marijuana, but increasing numbers of commercial growers are against it.

The big sinsemilla producers fear

the market boom will end with legalization, putting most of them back to square one. They are the rags-to-riches elite in a depressed lumber region, and they want to keep it that way.

"We all wanted pot freed at one time," a grower said, "but now we have an investment to protect. You have to understand what legalization can do to us."

Not all growers oppose legalization. A sizeable number, aware of a pot-related "change of consciousness," have

see page 6

Landlords, insurers kill bills

by T.L. Vau Dell
and Karen Lindsley

Sacramento — Housing discrimination and inequitable auto insurance rates — two issues of concern to students — suffered setbacks in the state Assembly this week.

The first measure, AB 43, which would make it illegal for landlords to deny housing to individuals solely because they are students, was defeated by one vote, 38-37, on Monday.

The bill's author, Howard Berman,

D-Los Angeles, said he will re-introduce his measure today to take advantage of several key supporters who were absent Monday and are expected to attend today's Assembly hearing.

Even if the measure passes, local housing officials believe its effect on SF State students will be negligible.

Berman's bill is aimed primarily at areas where housing is abundant and landlords can be selective when renting to students, said campus Housing Director Don Finlayson.

Finlayson pointed out that the five Bay Area counties where he helps find housing for students and university employees have extremely tight rental housing markets.

A spokesman for the city's Tenants Union agreed with Finlayson that incidences of student housing discrimination in San Francisco are rare.

Berman got a similar bill passed by the Legislature last year, but it was never ratified because of a crush of last-minute legislation at the session's end.

Monday's Assembly vote was seen as a victory for the California Association of Realtors (CAR), which had opposed the bill.

CAR contended passage of the measure would severely reduce housing opportunities for the elderly and others on fixed incomes.

In the other action, the Assembly Finance, Insurance and Commerce Committee refused yesterday to consider a bill that would have abolished differential auto insurance rates.

The committee heard testimony Tuesday that auto insurance rates vary dramatically depending on where the insured person resides. Author of the bill, Herschel Rosenthal, D-Los Angeles, submitted evidence showing one driver's annual insurance premium increased from \$548 to \$712 when he moved from one section of Los Angeles to another.

Such "territorial ratings," Rosenthal said, "have been practiced for 80 years" by insurance companies. Students who attend colleges away from their hometowns are particularly affected.

A spokesman for the California State Automobile Association argued that if Rosenthal's bill passed, two-thirds of the state's drivers would, in effect, subsidize the other one-third.

Although the committee's refusal to consider the bill was his third such setback in as many years, Rosenthal said he would resubmit the measure again next year.

see FRICTION, page 9

Stonestown rift closing

by Betsy Lewis

Neighborhood merchants fearing a loss of business from the proposed \$19 million expansion of Stonestown Mall have reached a compromise with the shopping center's developers.

Stoneson Development Corp. agreed in a meeting Tuesday afternoon with the Ocean Avenue Merchants Association (OAMA) that they would refer and encourage businesses unable to locate in the expanded mall to open in the 10-block area of Ocean Avenue between Phelan and Manor Streets.

"We're pleased with the agreement," said Don Ralya, an OAMA representative.

"We don't want anything to happen in Stonestown that would jeopardize our business. We need tangible assistance in getting appropriate new businesses located on the street," Ralya said.

Art Schumacher, a Stoneson spokesman, said the OAMA agreed to provide a list of available sites, vacant stores and rates to assist Stoneson Developers in their referrals.

"We're not competing with them and they're not competing with us. One complements the other," Schumacher said.

The proposed Stonestown project, now before the San Francisco Planning Commission, involves construction of a new three-level parking garage, an enclosed, air-conditioned two-story mall and 92,000 square feet of new shops. If approved, the project could generate an estimated \$423,000 per year in city

taxes and employ 185 more people, according to Stonestown officials.

Distressed Ocean Avenue merchants fear their own \$13-million revitalization efforts, now in progress, will be undercut if the Stonestown expansion goes through.

In a letter submitted at the Planning Commission's preliminary environmental impact hearing March 1, Ralya discussed the impact the shopping center's expansion might have on Ocean Avenue.

"We were losing \$7 million a year in trade to Stonestown because we lacked the desirable goods and services to keep customers," Ralya said this week.

"We have no grocery store, no deli and only one bank. Look how many loan associations West Portal has. We need these things to recapture buying power," he said.

The Ocean Avenue revitalization project involves:

- * \$300,000 in public improvements to add streetlights, street trees and special brick-like crosswalks.

- * a \$12 million complex of residential and commercial units in the 9½-acre area of Homewood Terrace.

- * a \$500,000 mini-shopping mall in Lakewood Plaza.

see FRICTION, page 9

Abzug on campus today

Former New York congresswoman Bella Abzug, who was fired last January from the Women's Advisory Committee, will speak for the women's movement today at the Barbary Coast in the Student Union at 10 a.m.

Beginning a day-long forum, Abzug will lead off a panel discussion on the topic, "Which way for the Women's Movement?" The panel, which includes Ann Kronenberg, former aide to the late Harvey Milk, will focus on the history of the movement and a possible strategy for the future. Abor-

tion funding will be a prominent issue in the discussion.

Abzug is in California to help celebrate the International Working Women's Day at Golden Gate Park on Saturday. She will speak along with Assemblyman Willie Brown and KQED newswoman Belva Davis.

At noon there will be a press conference with Abzug for "A Day in the Park," the Saturday activity in Golden Gate Park.

Angela Davis will speak, along with Sandra Salazar, at a workshop concerned with minority women, at 2

p.m. in the Student Union basement. There will also be afternoon workshops dealing with women's problems on campus.

"Forum on the Future" is sponsored by the National Organization For Women Campus Task Force, the Women's Studies program, the Women's Center and the Associated Students Performing Arts.

Abzug's travel expenses were shared by the Women's Center and the task force, and her honorarium of \$1,350 was funded by the AS Performing Arts.

california report

Complaints spur probe into sexual harassment

Sacramento — Repeated complaints about sexual harassment of women students have prompted Sacramento State to create the Committee on Sexual Harassment.

The committee consists of several faculty members, an attorney and two students.

Peg McKoane, coordinator of the committee, stressed "the committee is not a witch hunt. We are not out after anyone's job. We would just like to see the problem solved. The committee is a mechanism for dealing with the problem."

McKoane says she wants to see the problem solved "through in-house procedures."

If a student takes legal action against a professor, legal assistance is available.

Beware the sneaky seer

Irvine — Robert Morris, a guest lecturer on the subject of parapsychology at UC Irvine, has listed four guidelines to keep in mind while reading predictions of purported psychics.

First, readers should know that seers, especially socially prominent ones, use inside information as a basis for their predictions. Second, most predictions are worded to allow for wide interpretation. Third, if a forecast is positive, often the person who is the subject of the prediction will work at

making it come true. Finally, reinterpretation of predictions, in the interests of the seer, is often done by friends of the psychic.

As an example, an Orange County seer warned of an assassination taking place in the East. Morris says any assassination east of Orange County — from New York to Peking — can be used to justify the prediction.

Antibody clue to cancer

San Diego — A UC San Diego immunologist has found what could be a new clue in detecting cancer of the colon.

Martin Kagnoff has discovered serum taken from colon-cancer patients contains antibodies which are not present in healthy persons.

Many patients in the early and advanced stages of colon cancer produce the antibodies, which may also help gauge the effects of cancer treatment. Low antibody levels would indicate the treatments are working; high levels, that the tumor is growing.

Exposing both normal- and cancer-patient serum to three types of colon-cancer cells, Kagnoff's research team discovered cancer patients may have antibodies to one cell type but not to another.

In all, 79 percent of the colon cancer patients produced antibodies to one of the three cell types. No antibody activity was evident in the control group's serum.

Computer links libraries

Santa Barbara — Beginning this June, UC Santa Barbara students will check out library books on a computer terminal programmed to electronically perform all check-out functions.

The computers will automatically read bar-coded labels on the backs of books. School officials hope the new system will greatly reduce paperwork now handled by students and library employees.

Funding for the system switchover was begun four years ago, which came mostly from the UC budget as part of a plan to computerize and link all UC campus libraries.

The \$200,000 purchase was completed last September.

Other UC campuses using the new computer system are UCLA, UC Riverside and UC Davis.

A bigger eye for the sky

Santa Cruz — A committee of UC scientists here are working to design and build a 400-inch (mirror diameter) optical telescope — the largest of its kind in the world.

Plans call for a mirror 10 feet larger than Russia's 240-inch telescope, currently the world's largest. The telescope would be fully twice the size of the Palomar 200-inch telescope, the biggest in this country.

The larger telescope will inevitably lead to important scientific breakthroughs, the committee claims.

Because of the time it takes the speed of light to travel great distances, the longer reach of the telescope will let astronomers see galaxies actually in the process of formation as it happened billions of years ago.

It is estimated the primary mirror for the proposed telescope will weigh about 250 tons.

\$270,000 has already been received for further study of the initial design.

SF State students will have to settle for the 16-inch telescope located in the observatory in the Physical Science Building.

Rx for clogged-up hills

Berkeley — UC Berkeley officials have announced plans to drill a drainpipe into the hills east of the campus in hopes of preventing major landslides.

Some engineers believe that if the project is successful, it would demonstrate the effectiveness of an entire series of hillside drains to stabilize the East Bay hills, where yearly landslides cause millions of dollars in damages to homes.

The campus might build its own water treatment plant using ground water from the hill drain for its supply. UC Berkeley currently buys 715 million gallons of water a year from the East Bay Municipal Utility District.

Engineers have located vast amounts of water under the Oakland hills which have accumulated because of continuing ground movements between the Hayward and Wilcat earthquake faults.

this week

today, 3/8

● Julia Maura, Spartacus Youth League member, will give an eyewitness account of the confrontation between farmworkers and growers in the Imperial Valley, in Student Union B116-117 at noon. The forum is sponsored by the Spartacus Youth League.

● Alliance for Responsible Employment and Admissions Policy is sponsoring a film, "With Babies and Banners," about women organizers in the 1937 General Motors strike, for International Women's Day. The film starts at 7:30 p.m. at the UC Medical Center, 513 Parnassus. Child care will be provided and admission is free.

● The National Organization for Women Campus Task Force is sponsoring "Which Way for the Women's Move-

ment?" Featuring panel discussions, workshops and entertainment from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the Barbary Coast.

saturday 3/10

● Bella Abzug, Lynne Joiner and Willie Brown are featured speakers at "Day in the Park for Women's Rights" from noon to 4 p.m. in the Golden Gate Park Bandshell.

monday, 3/12

● Marian Bernstein will talk about "King Tut and His Time" at noon in Student Union conference rooms A-E. Slides will also be shown. Sponsored by the Student Activities Office.

tuesday, 3/13

● There will be two workshops sponsored by the Placement Center in Library 434. "Resume Writing," from 1 to 3 p.m., will give suggestions for preparing resumes for specific fields. "Recruitment Orientation" will provide information about on-campus recruitment programs and how to use them effectively. Sign up in Library 438.

wednesday, 3/14

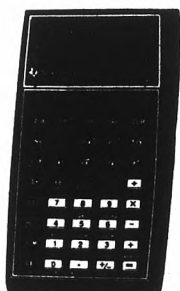
● Another workshop sponsored by the Placement Center, "Skills Identification," will help students identify skills obtained through education and experience. Workshop will be in Library 434 from 1 to 3 p.m. Sign up in Library 438.

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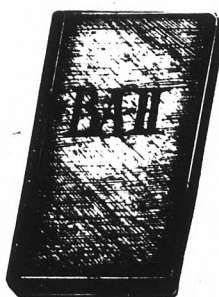
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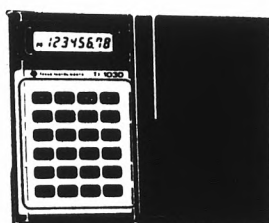
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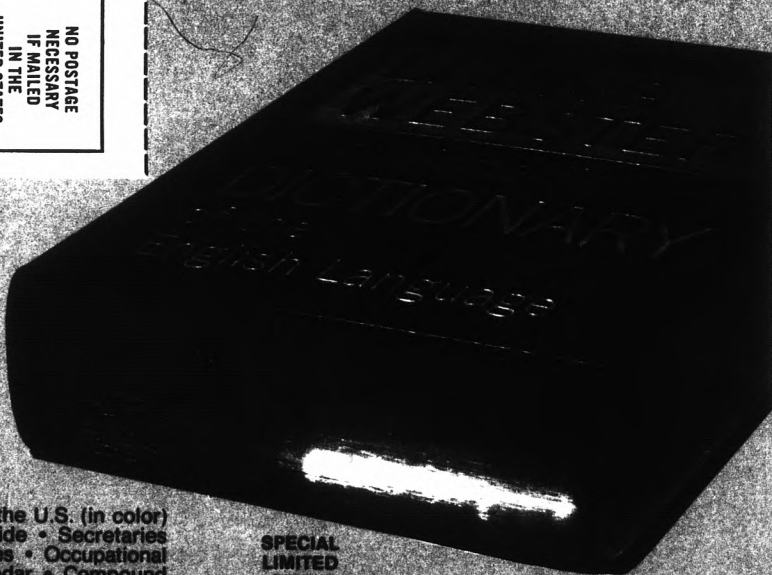
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SF budget brouhaha

by Alton Chinn

Mayor Dianne Feinstein's budget policies were attacked at a public budget hearing attended by more than 50 people Saturday at Everett Middle School.

Members of the Rebel Worker Organization accused the mayor of trying to phase out San Francisco General Hospital, selling the city to private business by contracting out city services, violating the city charter by interfering with department heads' budget-making prerogatives and unfairly exempting the city port, airport and Water Department from the same budget restrictions other departments face.

In January the mayor had each city department submit four base budget proposals: at 83 percent of the 1978-79 level, 88 percent, 92 percent and 95 percent.

The mayor said this allows the city to adapt to pressures for salary increases and an unfixed amount of state

'It's a disaster

**for patients and
the city, financially.'**

bail-out money allotted to San Francisco from the state surplus.

Each city department must submit budget requests that reflect all department needs, according to Article VI of the city charter.

The charter does not allow the mayor to place restrictions on funding requests. The mayor and the Board of Supervisors can only cut submitted budgets; they cannot increase them.

Bill Felice of the Rebel Workers protested the policy of limiting departments supported wholly by city revenues to the 83-95 percent levels while the airport, the port, BART and the Water Department can exceed the upper limit. He said these enterprises

should help support other city services, and that city businesses should take up more of the tax load.

"We didn't pass Prop. 13," said Felice, referring to the tax initiative's poor showing among San Francisco voters. "We don't want to be saddled with it."

Feinstein replied that the city still has to cope with losing the \$157 million it could have raised had Proposition 13 failed.

Beth Harding of the Rebel Workers said Feinstein told a Board of Supervisors committee that San Francisco General Hospital should be phased out, that Medi-Cal, indigent care and jail-ward patient care should be contracted out, and that the San Francisco General trauma center and Mission Emergency should be retained. Feinstein did not deny Harding's claim.

Harding said, however, that without neurosurgery, the coronary unit, the intensive care unit and other services, the trauma center suffers.

"A high-quality trauma center requires a high-quality hospital," she said.

Harding said Feinstein shows "no understanding of city finances" in her handling of the hospital. She cited the Joint Commission on Accreditation as saying the hospital, which lost its accreditation, has been short-staffed. If the hospital loses patients to private hospitals because of short-staffing, it loses millions in revenue, Harding said.

"It's a disaster for patients and the city, financially."

Feinstein rebutted, saying a staff of 2,000 serves only 300 patients, which is inefficient. "You can throw insults at me and all it does is harden my back," she said.

Linda Arkin of the Workers Committee for San Francisco General said the 300-patient figure counted only those served by the inpatient unit and does not count outpatients.

Arkin said when the private American Management Service took over porter services there, 30 percent fewer porters were used. Complaining that the nursing staff was inadequate, she said, "When the staff is too busy, which is most of the time, they can't even give patients a bath."

Sara Theiss of the Rebel Workers said "contracting out is a major source of corruption, waste and inefficiency," prone to kickbacks and cost overruns.

"You can't just look at the first year," said Theiss. "You have to look at the cost over the next few years. It is not cheaper, it causes a monopoly."

She said city garbage rates are higher than the Bay Area average because the service is contracted out. She blamed contracting for BART cost overruns and high Muni maintenance costs.

Feinstein defended contracting city services, giving the floor to Ed Sarsfield of the Social Services Department, who said some city janitors at the Social Services building come to work drunk and drive city cars for their own use. Another city department head said he was happy with the work of private contractors.

Other speakers asked for support of Laguna Honda Hospital, the San Francisco Senior Center, swimming pools and open space in the city, particularly a proposed minipark for the Tenderloin.



Photo by Scott Ludwig

Feinstein defended the city budget Saturday

Suit could force tower re-closings

by Benny Evangelista Jr.
Student Affairs Writer

A suit originally filed in 1975 by the Disabled Students Union (DSU), could force the closing of the two pyramid towers atop the Student Union if they are not made totally accessible to physically handicapped students.

Because of the inaccessibility issue, the towers were closed for nearly two years when the Student Union first

opened in 1975, out of concern that the Department of Housing and Urban Development might cancel a low-interest loan on the building.

San Francisco Superior Court Judge Donald Constine will take the matter under submission today after hearing final arguments in the trial, which started Tuesday. He will then have up to 90 days to make a ruling.

DSU and other statewide handicap organizations filed the suit because the upper lounge areas inside the towers

are only accessible through a series of staircases, which makes it difficult or impossible for the physically handicapped to reach.

The suit names the Trustees of the California State University and Colleges (CSUC), Gov. Jerry Brown, SF State President Paul Romberg and 30 other top state officials and organizations involved in the construction of the Student Union as defendants.

DSU filed the suit after three years of conferences with Student Union

planners and officials, who failed to make it 100 percent accessible. The suit was held up for two more years while further negotiations were held.

"The tower space affords an atmosphere that is quiet," said DSU's Bruce Oka a plaintiff in the suit. Oka said he has never been up in the towers personally, because he is confined to a wheelchair, but he had heard from friends about the atmosphere.

"There's no other place on the campus that is equal," he said. "If I don't have access to the areas, I feel cheated as a student of SF State."

Plaintiff attorney Mark Himelstein said the suit asks that the towers be made to conform to federal and California laws requiring accessibility to handicapped persons in all public buildings funded fully or partially by public funds.

Defense lawyer John Davidson, California deputy attorney general, argued the Student Union was "constructed in full compliance with all applicable state and federal laws."

Davidson said the building was al-

ready 90 percent accessible and that "nowhere in the federal or state statutes does it specifically say it is necessary to provide 100 percent accessibility."

He said since the building has been completed, the installation of elevators or other mechanical devices that would provide accessibility "would be a major and complex undertaking of enormous expense and questionable feasibility."

Franklin Sheehan, mathematics teacher at SF State and one of the co-defendants, said because of the angled nature of the towers, "it is impossible to drill an elevator anywhere that would reach all levels."

"If there is a way, it would cut down on the already limited space available," he said.

Sheehan was named in the suit because he was once chairman of the Student Union Council (SUC), a seven-member board of students, faculty and administration that oversaw the construction and utilization planning of the Student Union.

AS bench gathering dust

The judicial branch of SF State's student government hasn't lifted its gavel in almost a year. Ironically, the Associated Students chief justice position is the only one among similar positions throughout the California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system that is salaried.

AS Chief Justice Ed Barney gets \$350 a month.

"There's a lack of work as far as the court is concerned," Barney said.

The court hasn't heard a case since last May, even though the position of attorney general, absent for five years,

was filled this year by Associated Students (AS) President Steve Gerdson.

Boris Mirsakov, the newly appointed attorney general, is supposed to bring cases to the court. Instead, he works as a public relations man for the student government.

Mirsakov, who receives \$300 a month, is the only officer in the CSUC system to receive money for that position.

The stipends Barney and Mirsakov receive come from the mandatory \$10 AS fee collected every semester from student fees.

Their pay is termed a grant-in-aid.

The grants are made possible because SF State students, in the fall of 1972, voted members of the AS Board of Directors the right to receive pay.

According to Ray Tompkins, Gerdson's administrative assistant, "We give more responsibilities to our officers on the board. Barney does more than adjudicate."

The other CSUC campuses which have a chief justice and/or attorney general are: Pomona, San Jose, Hayward, Dominguez Hills, Sacramento, Stanislaus, Long Beach, Fresno and Humboldt.

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Opinion

Help your local pot bill

Mark Tillemann, an SF State finance major, is starting a campaign here to help pass AB 315, the bill that would reduce the felony of growing three marijuana plants to a misdemeanor in California.

Tillemann, a member of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), needs help going to campus organizations to ask them to support this bill.

He needs help talking to students at the Student Union, the dorms, and throughout campus to encourage their support of AB 315.

He needs you.

Help eliminate arrests for this minor crime and free police to protect us from the real criminals.

But remember, if AB 315 fails, you can blame yourself.

Blame yourself if you end up getting stripped naked, searched and tossed into a jail cell for having a pot plant.

Blame yourself if you go through life with a felony conviction on your record.

And blame yourself if AB 315 fails because you were too lazy to write.

Mark Tillemann can be reached at (415) 751-5474; or leave a message with NORML at (415) 563-5858.

Where's the art gallery?

Imagine a chemistry student without a laboratory, a theater major without a stage or a journalist without a newspaper. Without these programs, students majoring in these areas would never be taken seriously. This too holds true for art students who have no art gallery to display their work.

The Administration continues to ignore the needs of art majors here.

SF State is the only campus in the California State University and Colleges system (CSUC) without an art gallery . . . many campuses have two, and Long Beach State has three. We had an art gallery once in 1969, but art students were tossed out of the Gallery Lounge because some administrators thought the art had become too "radical."

"Art or Else," a group of representatives from each of the seven divisions of the Design and Industry Department, was formed last semester in an attempt to draw attention to the need for an art gallery on our campus. They've planned art shows, a lecture series and panel discussions, but apathy on the part of students outside the Art Department remains.

A gallery at SF State would be beneficial not only to art students who need a place to display their art as a graduation requirement, and to sell their work, but would benefit the entire university by making the high degree of artistic creativity at this campus known and accessible to everyone.

At this time, to see the paintings, posters, photographs and sculptures created by SF State students you must either stop by the ridiculously small Phone Booth Gallery on the first floor of the Arts and Industry building, or else climb two flights of stairs to the second floor where as many paintings as possible have been crowded onto the walls. There is no space at all for larger pieces or ceramics.

The Gallery Lounge of the '60s, located directly behind the Student Union, was a pleasant place to gather or to meet with friends.

The P.E. Department is fighting to hold on to the gallery, arguing it is the only space it has for warm-up exercises and wrestling practice. According to wrestling coach Alan Abrahams, the P.E. Department has a contract to use the lounge for the next five years.

Rumor has it that the room will soon be torn down.

The Gallery Lounge is the best spot for an art gallery, but at this point, art students would settle for almost anyplace to display their work. Other alternatives include the display area in the basement of the Student Union, but that space is usually reserved for off-campus artists; or the open space on the fourth floor of the Library, but the Education Department has taken over that spot for its displays.

Art or Else is going into action. This week they will begin to circulate petitions asking for student support in their effort to procure an art gallery at SF State. The petition will be sent to SF State President Paul Romberg, along with an invitation to attend an Art or Else meeting to discuss a situation that has been ignored for too long.

We support Art or Else in its search for a gallery and encourage all SF State students to sign the petition.

PHOENIX Spring 1979

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1978
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Mr. Bill Miller

Mr. Bill goes to college

We are the Mr. Bills of the world, constantly abused, bullied and humiliated by all sorts of manipulators. Like the clay Mr. Bill (see "Saturday Night Live"), we too are often at the mercy of those pulling the strings.

Yet almost always we recover, ready and eager to take more punishment. The following nonsense is dedicated to the students of America — may they survive and prosper.

* * *

Mr. Hands: Welcome to San Francisco State, Mr. Bill. How do you like it so far?

Mr. Bill: (in falsetto voice) Oh, it's so nice. I really love it here.

Mr. Hands: That's good, because we're almost ready to start the new semester. Are YOU ready, Mr. Bill?

Mr. Bill: Oh, yes, I can't wait.

Mr. Hands: Your course schedule just came in the mail, Mr. Bill. Gee, it looks like you're going to have to go to the Problem Center. Administrator Sluggo has screwed up your program by canceling all the sections you signed up for.

Mr. Bill: But I have to graduate this semester. Oh, nooo!

Mr. Hands: Sorry, Mr. Bill. That's the way it is at college. When Administrator Sluggo makes a mistake, you have to pay for it.

Mr. Bill: That isn't fair, it . . .

Mr. Hands: Enough idle chatter, Mr. Bill. You better hurry and join that Problem Center line. Got a sleeping bag?



Oh noooooo!

Mr. Bill: Oh, nooo! It's too long! Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: Think of it as preparation for the line you'll find next week at the bookstore.

Mr. Bill: Nooooo!

* * *

Mr. Hands: Wake up Mr. Bill. Time to leave for school.

Mr. Bill: Nooo! It's too early!

Mr. Hands: You're forgetting that San Francisco State is a commuter campus. You can never get there too early. Watch out for that traffic jam, Mr. Bill.

Mr. Bill: Nooo! I can't miss my class! Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: I'm afraid you're already too late. Your class has a waiting list and you just missed the first class meeting. Professor Sluggo had to drop you from the course.

Mr. Bill: I need that class to graduate! Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: Sorry again, Mr. Bill, but Dean Sluggo had to cut out all the other sections because of Prop. 13. Looks like you're out of luck.

Mr. Bill: Nooooo!

* * *

Mr. Hands: Say, Mr. Bill, you must have had a rough time of it

this semester. How about a nice quiet meal at the Student Union?

Mr. Bill: Oh, that's a great idea, Mr. Hands.

Mr. Hands: Watch out for that lunch-time student rush.

Mr. Bill: No, they're crushing me! Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: Let's try the Dining Center instead. There's never any crowds there. Here, take my script.

Mr. Bill: But I've heard the food is terrible there. Mr. Hands.

Mr. Hands: Nonsense, Mr. Bill. Cook Sluggo is one of the best at what he does. Try this veal parmigian — it's one of his very best creations.

Mr. Bill: Eeek! It's alive! Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: Then have some meatloaf.

And this . . .

Mr. Bill: No, I don't want any. Nooooo!

Mr. Hands: Say, Mr. Bill, I've got some good news and some bad news for you.

Mr. Bill: What's the good news, Mr. Hands?

Mr. Hands: The good news is Administrator Sluggo has decided to approve your graduation after all.

Mr. Bill: Oh, boy! I can finally get my degree!

Mr. Hands: Now for the bad news. Employment Statistician Sluggo says your degree isn't worth the paper it's printed on. Practical experience is what counts today in your field, Mr. Bill. You've spent seven years at college for nothing.

Mr. Bill: No, please, Noooooooo! ooooooooooooooooooooo!

David Hern

Some more advice on your career

Now comes that crucial turning point, when we must decide what we really want from our future. That frightening abstraction, "The Career," looms largest at this time. From our infancy people have asked us, "What do you want to do when you grow up?"

This, of course, is stupid, because most infants know so little of the world that the only career they could possibly conceive of would be professional drooler.

This is really quite a good career if you think about it, because the hours aren't bad and your chin stays clean. I mention this by way of introducing exciting new fields that are wide open for the eager college student.

Like hitting the side of a building with a stick or jumping rapidly up and down in the middle of the room. Or on the national level, dipping your fingers into chocolate pudding.

There is really no need to be lost. The job market is our pearl and the school is our oyster. Or for that matter, the library is our abalone and the world our crustacean.

Anyway, most people define a career as "a means of support." If this is the case, then brassieres and jockstraps must be careers.

Another definition is "earning an income by performing on a daily basis. A task one is best at." If this is a feasible definition, maybe I could get a job dropping books on my feet or saying

embarrassing things at bus stops.

The future can only come when it comes. Of course, if it takes the streetcar to Church and then transfers to the M line at 16th Street, it might get here a little sooner.

But there's no point in sitting around waiting. The time for action is NOW!

Now we come to the subject of salary. What rate do you have the right to expect from a prospective employer? And at what intervals? By the hour? week? day? second?

The best approach is to be noncommittal and cordial. If the employer asks, "What rate would you like?" answer, "What rate are you prepared to

pay me?" If he asks, "What previous experience have you had?" ask him what previous experience HE's had. And if he asks what the capital of New Dehli is, say "Cleveland" just for laughs.

Others prefer the more subtle approach.

Like begging in a crying, hysterical fit on the floor.

Well that's just about it. Now you should be perfectly well equipped to brave the cold winds and northwesterly high pressure systems of the work world.

Good luck. Write if you get the chance.

Forum: Bill Middleton

An ambulance service isn't needed

This column is a response to last week's Phoenix editorial which advocated establishment of an on-campus ambulance service.

Having worked as an Emergency Medical Technician for an ambulance service in San Francisco, I must admit I am intrigued by your advocacy of a school-owned, campus-based ambulance.

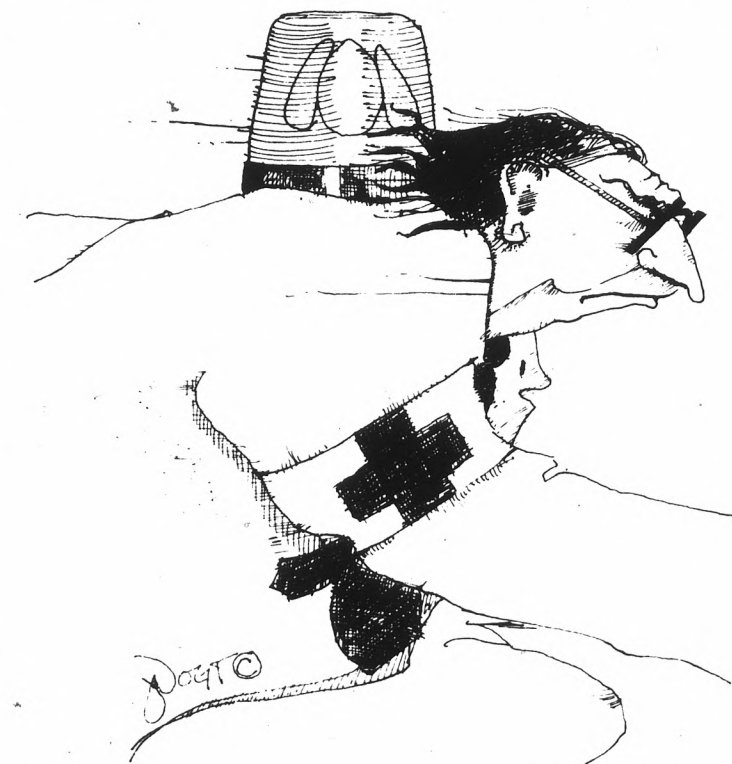
However noble your intentions, your argument is, I feel, more than simply naive. It displays a disturbing, even dangerous, trait that is fast becoming an American universal: the cybernetic fallacy — the belief that man is a very complex machine whose maintenance and repair is best left to other machines and to a handful of

Bill Middleton is an SF State student majoring in English.

highly specialized technicians trained in their use.

You cite the cost of the machine, the ambulance, but neglect to provide for that machine's necessary human operation (no small sum incidentally, even if only two people were employed 40 hours a week), as if it were the machine, like some huge autopilot vacuum cleaner manufactured at Lourdes, which saved the limbs and lives and not the people in that machine. This displays the extent to which we have managed to convince ourselves that the workings of our bodies lie outside our potential for understanding.

Apparently, you don't find it amusing: the bungling campus security bumping away at the shelves with their



wheelchair that's just too wide, the college students baffled by the subtleties of distinguishing between a person who has had a heart attack and one who has fainted.

As Ms. Vitt said, "Nobody seemed to know what to do," as if some owner's manual need be consulted.

For future reference, in the case of a heart attack one generally will not be breathing; quite often the pulse will be absent as well.

With fainting, such signs are not usually present. And the real beauty of

it is, one may make these distinctions for oneself simply by looking at the person and touching him/her with a hand.

Better yet, if it indeed be a heart attack, these self-same hands and a couple of lungs may save that life.

No batteries, nothing to plug in or turn on.

The truth of the matter is, there is nothing magical about an ambulance; many times in this city a patient who's had an arrest will be given Cardio-pulmonary Resuscitation (CPR) en

route to the hospital, simply because a hospital is never very far away, and more importantly, because CPR works.

If you do have a heart attack, you've got about six minutes before you turn into a pumpkin anyway, and six minutes isn't exactly a slow response time, all things considered.

Let me put it to you this way: if you had a heart attack (just as one specific example), would you rather have some pimply high school freshman with 15 hours of CPR instruction who'd seen you fall use his/her skills in 20 seconds, or would you rather depend on some dispatcher, Bell Telephone, a GM truck, four Firestone tires, et al, as well as all the hyper-

Readers are invited to write for Forum. We request articles not exceed four typed pages double-spaced.

technology of Rampart General coming to your side three, four, maybe five minutes later?

You folks have been duped.

You're trying to solve a problem by throwing some technology at it, when in the end we are our own best technology.

So if you feel a need to sling some money around, take that \$30,000, buy a stretcher and keep it in the back of the school's station wagon.

Spend a little more updating the training of our security force.

Spend the rest on first-aid classes in junior high schools.

Maybe take a class yourself. Put medical care back in the hands of the people (that's us). And simplify, simplify, simplify.

Law mellow on pot

● from page one

grappled with their consciences and ranked changing the law over their financial interests.

But most of Humboldt's growers do oppose legalization. They predict legalization will drop the bottom out of a seller's market and cause prices to plummet. "If everyone grew pot in their back yard," said a grower, "who would want to pay \$1,200 to \$1,500 a pound?"

Meanwhile, a local attorney armed with a brilliant strategy is taking legalization to the courts. And law enforcement officials are grappling with their own problem: how to mix relaxed attitudes toward pot cultivation with the rising crime they say marijuana moonshining has attracted.

A recent straw poll of Garberville residents by *Star Root*, the alternative newspaper, asked, "Which law should be changed?" The overwhelming response: legalize marijuana.

Deputy Gary Philp said the weed farmers in the hills will leave if pot is legalized. "Why should they break their backs growing pot up there when they can do it easier in the flat lands? Hell, it's a lot of work just raiding some of their places."

He added, "The only reason it's grown here is that it's more remote, and there's less chance of being caught."

"The tobacco companies are already set up to take over as soon as it's legal," said a town merchant. "Those little guys in the backwoods won't stand a ghost of a chance when that happens."

Assemblyman Barry Keene, who represents southern Humboldt in the state Legislature, will survey the voters this spring on whether pot cultivation should be legalized.

"I want to make it clear that I don't intend to get in front of my constituents on this issue," Keene has been quoted as saying. "I intend to move with them, if this is the way they want to go."

The result of the survey will reflect in part, just how far the "change of consciousness," as back-to-the-land purists call it, has affected commercial weed farmers.

The day before Independence Day, Frank Cieciora went to jail. Only the previous season, during his first attempt at commercial weed farming, some local high school kids ripped off his crop of two dozen, 11-foot-tall female plants. The second time someone found his crop was much worse.

"It was a fluke thing," Cieciora re-

called. A highway patrolman on other business, happened by his land at Alderpoint, 20 miles east of Garberville, and saw 150 plants when he poked between the sunflowers. He radioed the sheriff.

The search was ruled illegal in Superior Court and the case dismissed. But the experience prompted Cieciora to write this message to fellow growers:

"When we pull off a crop and get \$1,200 a pound for a few weeks of work spread out over a six-month growing season, there's more to it than that."

"The labor of all our sisters and brothers who were busted, ripped off or wiped out by grasshoppers increases the value of the successful harvest."

"So when some of us hit the big bucks, to some extent our pockets are richer because of other growers' misfortune. Sisters and brothers have worked for us for no wages."

When Cieciora was busted for cultivation, he chose Robert Cogan as his attorney. Cogan, 18 years out of law school at the University of Southern California, has defended hundreds of weed farmers faced with similar charges — all without a single conviction.

And Cogan, 43, had just triumphed in a landmark marijuana case in Humboldt County.

Using the multiple species defense, a legal strategy he has used for 10 years, Cogan argued defendant Stephen Ball of Whitethorn was growing *Cannabis indica* not *Cannabis sativa* L., the only species of marijuana expressly forbidden by state law.

According to growers, *sativa* is the most common species of marijuana grown in southern Humboldt.

According to the Val Alstein case of 1975, it is up to the Legislature to change or clarify the definition of marijuana to either include all species or just *Cannabis sativa* L.

After Van Alstein, the state attorney general introduced legislation redefining pot as all plants containing tetrahydrocannabinol (THC, pot's narcotic ingredient). The bill failed, and no new legislation has been introduced.

In the Ball case, Superior Court Judge Charles Thomas took the position that the Legislature did not clarify the definition of marijuana and thus, a literal reading of the law was necessary. Ball was found innocent.

The Ball case is the first successful multiple species defense in California at the justice court level, where a decision can be taken to the Court of Appeals.

District Attorney Bernard De Paoli said he was "shocked" at Thomas' de-

cision. "It's not that I'm a hardliner against marijuana," he said. "I'm not. But as far as I'm concerned Van Alstein settled the law on the matter."

"The district attorney, who agreed to appeal the Ball decision if he lost, has reneged," Cogan said. "There's no question in my mind that he is refusing to take the appeal because he's pretty sure he will lose."

Unless appealed, the Ball decision carries little legal weight. Cogan is now using testimony from that case in a half-dozen similar cases in an attempt at somehow taking it up on appeal. A favorable decision at the state level would effectively legalize all types of pot in California, except *Cannabis sativa*.

Just in case, increasing numbers of growers are investing in rare and expensive *Cannabis indica* seed for this season's planting.



Photo by Bill E. Caldwell (Busted for cultivation Aug. 26, 1977)

Checking for male plants in southern Humboldt pot patch.

In the meantime, both Cogan and Thomas have become heroes to the alternative community in southern Humboldt.

"We all think Judge Thomas acted with great courage," Anderson said.

Thomas served 15 years as a district judge in Garberville, commercial center for the region's thriving pot industry. He also served three years as a merchant marine. Both experiences, he said, influenced his beliefs about marijuana.

"I don't advocate the use of pot, but I've seen it smoked in many parts of the world with no apparent harm," Thomas said. "In all my years at Garberville, I never had a case in which the grower was also charged with violent conduct."

Most of the original weed farmers still recall the Harris incident with some pain. It was April 4, 1972, in the years before sinsemilla changed their lives. There was "hard government evidence" that a hippie named Dirk Dickenson, 24, was running a "million dollar pill factory" near Harris — a remote mountain hamlet about 15 miles east of Garberville.

A Huey helicopter touched down near Dickenson's cabin and nine sheriff's deputies, wearing steel-toed combat boots and holstered .38s on their hips, jumped out, eager to stamp out a nest of drug culture immorality.

They kicked the cabin door down and the frightened, unarmed Dickenson ran out the back door and headed for the woods. He was shot in the back. The pill factory was never found.

Narcotics agent Lloyd Clifton, 29, who fired the fatal shot, was acquitted of manslaughter charges because there was "too little evidence to prosecute," according to the jury.

and give us the keys to their gates," he said. "They say, 'I know you're going to raid my place, just don't tear down my fence.'"

Most weed farmers don't sacrifice their crops quite that readily. For protection they have worked out a warning system using CB radios. Said Philp: "If I drove out to Redway (near Garberville), they'd know in a minute out in Whitethorn that I was coming."

Last September they were waiting. When the sheriff's posse rode out of Eureka, growers blocked the highway with trees, forcing the sheriff to turn back.

"We all celebrated it as a major victory," Anderson said. "But we must have become complacent because when they came back the next day it was a big surprise."

She laughs. "Some fools even cut trees down across the road after they had already passed."

The dawn-to-dusk, 47-deputy raid, focused on the backwoods patches surrounding Garberville. It turned out to be one of the biggest in county law enforcement history.

Growers call the pot raids the "fall rite" — media tailored for best effect. "They usually come just before election time and the sheriff almost always winds up on television," Cieciora said.

On Aug. 27, 1977, only a day or two after the *San Francisco Chronicle* publicity, 30 deputies raided a dozen farms, capturing about 10,000 plants estimated to be worth \$1 million. They reportedly needed two 20-foot vans and a pickup to haul away the contraband.

De Paoli said raiding the mountain farms is a "monumental task." The number of raids increases each year, he said, as law enforcement officials have become sophisticated in spotting gardens through aerial surveillance. The

Narcotics Investigator Chris Thiel, the Humboldt County "spotter," searches for marijuana by plane, looking for telltale coloration. He said he doesn't use binoculars.

"That's a lie," Cogan said, "and I've got him under oath on that very issue as little as a week ago."

According to Cogan, Thiel is using 20-power, gyro-stabilized binoculars supplied by the Department of Justice.

"They are spies," he said. "They have spy planes. They can almost literally read what you're reading when you're outside."

The maverick attorney said he plans to raise a new defense against invasion of privacy within a couple of weeks. He claims aerial surveillance violates Article 1, Section 1 of the state consti-

tution, which lists right to privacy as one of the inalienable rights of California citizens.

Thiel logged 60 hours in the air last season, averaging 30 sightings per flight. The investigator always accompanies deputies on raids, armed with a fist-full of search warrants.

Deputies carry off captured pot by stuffing it in backpacks and hiking down the hills to the vans. "It takes hours and hours," Thiel said.

Cultivation-related equipment, including water lines, are confiscated as evidence.

Bruce McIntosh, who lives in China Creek — one of Thiel's "trouble spots" — said some of the raids are done "Gestapo-style." "They cut water lines not used for pot farming. They take generators. I'd like to know what a generator has got to do with marijuana," he said.

"It's really a lot of fun for the sheriffs to go out and play in the hills," Cogan said. "We know that a number of them, when they're out there, smoke marijuana and even steal some of the evidence and take it home with them."

De Paoli believes Humboldt County is one of the most relaxed in the state toward pot cultivation and use.

"This office has a fairly liberal position on people growing pot for their own use," the district attorney said. "There is no active effort to get growers of small amounts, say 10 to 20 plants."

Many growers believe this relaxed legal attitude has wilted the ardor of law enforcement officials.

"The police are losing their enthusiasm in the raids," Anderson said. "They know more and more people in the community are either growing it or support growing it."

The maximum penalty for cultivation is three years in the state penitentiary. The typical verdict, however, is either dismissal or a \$10 fine plus probation.

What keeps the raids coming isn't that the crop is illicit, police say, as much as it attracts violence.

"It's analogous to the bootlegging days," said De Paoli. "Undesirables with serious criminal backgrounds are entering the county."

Said Cogan: "You don't stamp out armed robbery by stamping out marijuana. You don't stamp out burglaries by stamping out marijuana. But it does give you a nice chance to stamp out people who aren't going to shoot at you and who aren't going to give you a whole lot of trouble."

Research for this story was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.

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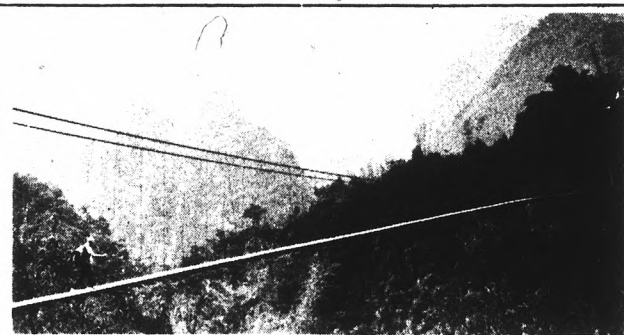
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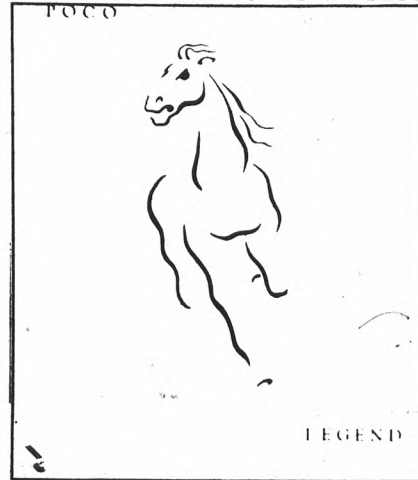
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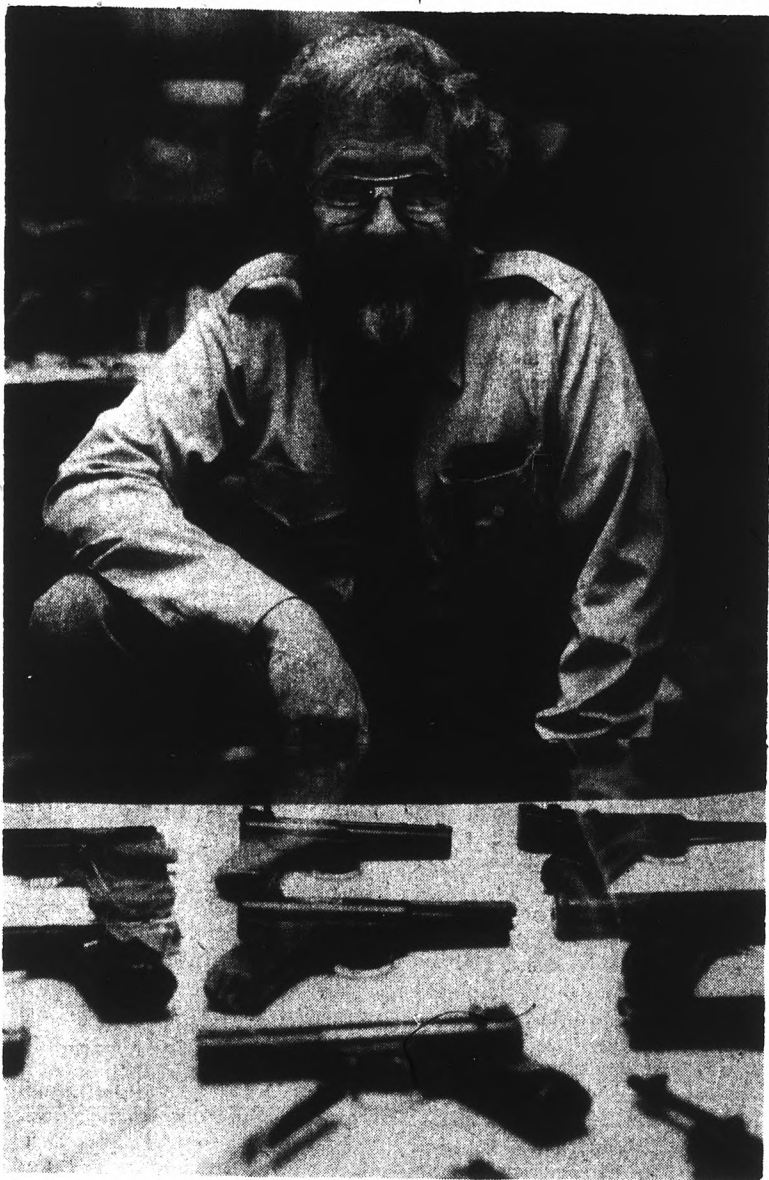
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LEGEND



Biologist's fancy

Prof draws a bead

by Maria Raptis

Robert Beeman once had his vision set on a career in the academic field. His target has changed. Today his sights rest upon the barrel of a gun, and his future is taking off like a speeding bullet.

After 24 years of teaching at SF State, Beeman, in three years, has established the largest distributorship of airguns in the world.

"I had this thing collecting antique airguns, and it just got out of control," he said, pointing to a lighted glass case containing four airguns dating back to the Civil War.

Beeman, a marine biology professor and former department chairman who is currently on leave, owns Beeman's Precision Airgun, Inc., in San Rafael. His wife, Toshiko, is vice president and general manager of the corporation.

In his office, where airgun rifles lace the walls and pistols are embedded under glass in a wood table, Beeman discussed what he calls his hardest decision: leaving SF State for his booming business.

Beeman would not disclose an ex-

Beeman considers airguns to be "adult toys."

Photo by Mark Richards

'People pay the most on things they don't need.'

act figure of how much he or the company made in the last year.

"That is an unavailable figure. I will only say that we have done extremely well," he said. Beeman made \$25,000 a year in his teaching position here.

"My problem was success. I had reached the ultimate level in the academic field, unless I wanted to go into administration. It all seemed very natural, going after the next goal. From junior college to full-time professor to department chairman. It's like a dog who got the car he was after. What do you do with it?" he said.

Behind a tall, black leather chair is a bookshelf that once held books on mullos sperm activation. Stacks of airgun digests have now taken their place.

"As a professor, I've learned to write, and I've published materials on

old and new guns. It's darn good business to promote my name as world leading expert and that means money," he said.

The adult airgun business is doing so well, said Beeman, that his overflow of work has already burned out one IBM computer. Beeman has 30 employees to carry the work load.

The business began in 1972. Beeman thought that if he could buy and sell a few airguns a year, his expensive hobby would soon pay for itself. Purchasing six guns a year increased to 100 guns per year in 1973, and he began to mass-distribute them through mail orders and newsletters. Today Beeman distributes them through dealers worldwide.

The pistols and rifles, manufactured in Germany and England, range in price from \$100 to \$800.

"People confuse the airgun with kid's toys," said Beeman. "These are precision adult guns used for light sport and skill in target shooting. They are adult toys that are used for fun. There is not one person who needs an airgun, but people pay the most for things they don't need."

Beeman stressed that airguns are not lethal weapons, nor are they to be used for self-defense. The Product Safety Letter published Feb. 28, 1977, by the Washington Business Information Inc., rated the "hazard index" of

airguns below that of activities such as bicycling and basketball.

Laughing just a tone above the radio that plays easy-listening music on his desk, Beeman tells of a "strange" city ordinance that makes airguns illegal in San Francisco.

"A law passed in 1900 when kids were shooting the backs of milk horses with B.B. guns which had disastrous results. Can you see run-away horses dragging milk bottles on a steep hill in San Francisco?" he said as he ran his fingers through a mass of grey hair.

Beeman questions the logic of being able to own a .357 magnum or a "Dirty Harry" .44 magnum but not an airgun.

Ecologically, airguns are used by farmers to control pests such as rats and starling birds, as opposed to use of poison grain, which can kill any bird that eats it. The airgun user has the advantage of being able to shoot it in a backyard or living room, he said.

Beeman, in a unique way, is a victim of discrimination. He wants to retire from SF State as a Professor Emeritus, but in order to do that he must wait until he is 50.

"What it will come down to is me having to quit, which I feel very badly about. The university has never had this problem before. No one has ever wanted to retire at 47. I'm in a Catch-22 situation."

Transplanted environmentalist tries to turn the tide



Photo by Michael Tharin

by Sheila Downey

Controlling the environment in a time of shrinking resources would seem a discouraging task for most people. Michele Perrault, a volunteer environmentalist since 1965, does not quit easily.

She is an environmental activist who is optimistic about the difference she can make. Sitting in a Massachusetts courtroom the day a judge issued an injunction to stop oil drilling on the Georges Bank gave her hope.

"No matter what kind of changes you can make for the better," she said, "that's better than not having tried at all. Some people say, 'Aren't you discouraged, don't you see that you're not going to make much difference?' I don't feel that way."

Perrault, who formed the Committee to Save Georges Bank, was instrumental in organizing the suit against the Interior Department which delayed offshore oil drilling for 13 months. It was the first time any oil drilling has been successfully halted by environmentalists.

The 37-year-old native New Yorker moved from the East Coast to Berkeley last October and works full time as a legal assistant. She is a small woman with a careful, meticulous manner. In a quiet, clear voice she said her life is

an unending series of telephone calls, letter writing, policy-making decisions and meetings.

In her spare time she is one of 11 advisers to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration selected by the secretary of commerce. One reason she moved was to work on the issue of oil drilling off the California coast. She is also the Bay Area coastal coordinator for the Sierra Club.

Perrault grew up in the Bronx during the '40s, when skyscrapers weren't as widespread as they are now.

"I was surrounded by a city park near the East River," she said. "It had pieces of green space that I enjoyed walking and playing in. And so I valued it at a very young age and wanted to be sure it would be there for generations."

Since she started with the Sierra Club she has worked on numerous environmental issues, from wildlife conservation to air and water pollution. She has worked on oil issues for the past five years. She said the reason for environmental abuse is a lack of understanding.

"I just know from all the environmental issues I've seen," she said, "that there's buildup of impacts that destroy a resource or coast. Many of us have gone to places where we say, 'What a shame they didn't build it

with more style.' Many foolish decisions have been made because people didn't understand the importance of balance."

In an effort to solve that problem, Perrault worked in conservation education for three years in a Bronx zoo. She taught children to handle and care for animals and wrote newsletters about conservation. She wove her ideas into a philosophy of conservation.

"I found out there was more to the development of values about caring for the world that went into the whole nature of the child's thinking pattern. You just don't come to those kinds of values because someone says it's a good idea to love animals," she said.

Perrault went to teach science at Bank Street College, outside New York City, and wrote a master's thesis in education which she has never submitted. A desire to have a more active part in the environmental issues brought her to Boston in 1972, where

she became vice president of the League of Women Voters and was in charge of the \$10 billion Boston Harbor cleanup project.

Her work on the Georges Bank issue has been the biggest success in her career so far. The conditional go-ahead the Boston judge gave Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus was a severe blow to Andrus, who is working to get lease sales started in California.

The Appeals Court opinion warned Andrus to complete safeguard regulations or the environmentalists would have further reasons to stall the drilling.

"It may be that the secretary (Andrus) will not fulfill his duty," read the opinion. "... this is too early for anyone, including the fish, to relax."

An article in the *Boston Globe* called the Georges Bank "David and Goliath" issue for environmentalists. From the work of Perrault and other environmentalists, perhaps now the tides are turning.

Michele Perrault — a New Yorker, California style

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centerfold

Paying the price of the Army's hard sell

Photographs by David Peterson

by Bill Miller and David Peterson

If there can be a person who is a "typical" something, Glenn Bennett is one of them. He is a soldier.

Young, black, and full of high school naivete, Bennett joined the All-Volunteer Army a month before graduation in Lima, Ohio.

The recruiter was a friend and a year older — presumably wiser. Bennett got a free dinner and all the military rap he could ingest. Then he signed away three years of this life.

Now he has been in for 15 months, most of that time with the 7th Infantry Division at Fort Ord near Monterey. He wants out.

"The recruiter said there would be a lot of bullshit, but he didn't tell me everything," Bennett said. "The trouble is that nobody can tell you how much and what kind of bullshit you get when you're in the Army. You listen to what somebody has to say, and I guess you just can't believe what they say is true.

"I think the only way to realize it is to experience it."

Like most of the soldiers in the "modern" Army, Bennett wanted to learn a trade, set the foundation for a career of his choice and then get out.

In his case, it was construction work, "you know, building bridges, driving heavy equipment." He hasn't built a bridge or learned how to operate heavy equipment. Instead, his duties with Charlie Company of the 14th Combat Engineers consist of taking care of Army vehicles in the motor pool.

Bennett gets up every morning at 5:30, hits formation after breakfast at 7, joins physical training by 7:30 and works at the motor pool until 4:30 in the afternoon. Then he heads back to the barracks, tired after doing nothing for so long, clicks on the television in his dormitory-sized room, gulps down a beer or two and bullshits for the rest of the evening with his buddies. And then it starts again. A typical soldier's life.

Though few soldiers complain too loudly about Army pay — Private E-3 Bennett's base pay for a month is

\$485.40 — they all gripe incessantly about the three "B's" of military living: bullshit, boredom and bureaucracy.

The boredom is the worst — most volunteers with half a lick of sense expect the other two.

* * *

The wind that blows from Puget Sound up through the surrounding forest to Washington state's Fort Lewis is never warm. Most often it carries only fog and dampness to an already miserable group of humans that wish only to be somewhere else.

On a January night in 1968, the wind seems to carry more chill than usual to the 40 or so budding soldiers double-timing over the fist-sized rocks that most of the base is built on. Covered with a clinging mixture of sand and near-freezing mud, the troops carry their M-14 rifles at high port as they round the final corner into the company area and halt on command.

The 2nd Platoon of Echo Company has returned from the nightmare world of the infiltration course. In the sudden silence following the platoon's halt, the woodpecker sound of distant machine-gun fire can be heard as another group begins its journey.

Like something out of Dante's "Inferno," the course is a thundering collage of sound and light. Machine guns fire brilliant red tracers only a few feet over the crawling basic-trainee's head while quarter pound blocks of TNT explode in pits scattered around the course. The task is simple. You slither maybe 50 or 60 yards through well-soaked mud and sand, wriggle under twisted strands of barbed wire lit only by the erratic gold light of illumination flares and fall into the relative safety of the escape trench. Simple.

The ears of Echo Company still ring from the noise and confusion. The men stand quietly in their company area, dripping sludge. A small man in razor-pressed fatigues and a Smokey the Bear hat strides to the front of the ranks and speaks.

"Did everybody have fun tonight?" he

says in a voice that sounds like a beer can being torn in half.

"Yes, Drill Sergeant."

"What?"

"YES, DRILL SERGEANT!"

"Good. Now did anyone disobey my orders and get killed tonight? Just raise your hands."

"NO, DRILL SERGEANT!"

"Good. That makes me happy, so happy that I am going to give you 15 minutes to clean your weapons instead of 10." A moment of silence. "WELLWHATIN HELLAREYOUWAITINGFOR? HIT IT!"

The diminutive sergeant is nearly trampled as the mortally terrified platoon stampedes to the showers. In full combat gear, 40 troops cram into the shower room and hose the mud from themselves and their weapons.

"Don't you know it's against the law

to steal government property?"

"Yes, Drill Sergeant."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes, Drill Sergeant."

"What?"

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!"

"I can't HEAR you!"

"YES, DRILL SERGEANT!"

"Okay, troop, I believe you. But I want you to take this piece of the infiltration course and put it right back where you found it, is that clear?"

"Yes, Drill Sergeant."

"It's only a mile there, so you will run..."

* * *

Amy Everhardt, 25, is from Brooklyn, N.Y., "at King's Highway near Utica Avenue."

'YES, DRILL SERGEANT!'

'NO, DRILL SERGEANT!'

Precisely 15 minutes later the drill sergeant stops before a trembling private and snatches an M-14 from his grip. He squints down the barrel, works the action and runs his thumbnail through the front sight.

"Private Peterson," he says in a deceptively soft and gentle voice, "I think I am going to bring you up on charges of grand theft. Do you know why, Private Peterson?"

"No, Drill Sergeant."

"BECAUSE," he screams as he shoves his immaculate thumbnail under the private's nose, "I have caught you stealing part of the infiltration course!" As the private's eyes go cross-eyed, he sees a single grain of sand resting on the sergeant's nail.

A broadcasting student with a B.A. from Brooklyn College, she discovered the job market was tight and listened when the TV told her the Army was looking for a few good women. Her father, a World War II veteran, convinced her that a military career was a good opportunity.

She signed up for three years, and re-enlisted as an officer, thinking the army wasn't joking when it promised her the job she wanted in radio broadcasting.

"Liars," she said. "If I had it to do all over again, I never would have come here."

Living in Monterey with her civilian husband, Everhardt wades through reams

see PAGE 2

CENTERFOLD PAGE 1

FROM PAGE 1

of Army paperwork. And as part of the Public Affairs Office at Fort Ord, she must deal with constant heavy-handed censorship by the base newspaper and broadcasting station.

"The Army has really turned me into a more violent person," she said. "All the little incidents of frustration build up inside you. I'm lucky that I have a husband to go home to that understands."

She doesn't recommend the experience to most women. "My girlfriends could never cut it," she said. "And my sister has too big of a mouth. She'd have been court-martialed by now."

Sherman Slaughter is what the Army calls "a problem soldier." As he sat on the edge of a bed in the barracks chugging vodka and grapefruit juice, he thoroughly denounced the service.

He has no rank. The Army took it away when he swung at a nasty drill sergeant in boot camp.

"Clean that M-16, mister."

"Just me?"

"Just you, mister."

He was court-martialed and sentenced to four months of hard labor, then retrained and sent to Fort Ord last summer to join the infantry.

He has since collected five Article 15's for gambling and other offenses.

In the military, Article 15 provides the most common form of official yet non-judicial punishment. Used as a disciplinary measure, Article 15 allows a company commander to slap a soldier with extra duty, fines or restriction for relatively minor offenses without resorting to the cumbersome court-martial.

Slaughter, who is 32 ("I caught holy hell about my age in basic"), joined 19 months ago mainly to get Veterans Assistance benefits he needed badly for himself, his wife and his three children. He figures he got a good deal on the dental work.

The boredom is another thing entirely. "I do nothing all day," he said, his large, muscular hands tightening around the neck of the grapefruit bottle.



2nd Lt. Amy Everhardt: "My girlfriends could never cut it."

"They say the Army makes a man out of you. Shit, it degrades you. I'm even ashamed to tell my parents that I'm in the damn Army. I haven't learned shit."

Slaughter's buddy, Craig Jones, spent two months recruiting in his hometown on the East Coast, "thinking the army was great." Then he really joined.

"Recruiters lead you to think you're going to pick up a trade in the Army," he said. "Right now, all I've learned is how to pick up cigarette butts."

He recalled the illusion that lured him into the service. "I saw those pictures of guys sitting on bulldozers and I thought that would be great. It'd be easy to get a job when I got out. So I told the recruiter what I wanted and he said, 'You want to be a combat engineer,' so I put it down on my enlistment form."

"Well, it turns out what I wanted was 'heavy equipment operator.' A combat engineer is just an infantryman with a shovel."

Although the 14th Engineers has some heavy equipment, Jones said, he hasn't been trained on it and won't unless some of the regular operators are willing to break him in unofficially on the job.

"When I got in, I thought I might make a career out of it, retire at 40," he said. "Now I know I'd have a nervous breakdown before I ever reached 40."

His main ambition now, he said, is to survive long enough to get out. "The days go by quick, but never quick enough."

* * *

Nothing every really changes in the Army... nor probably in any army the world has ever seen. Roman centurions bitched about the quality of draftees before the birth of Christ and the non-coms of Napoleon's elite complained the troops weren't as good as they used to be.

In 1968, it was said among the troops that merely reporting for your draft physical was in itself grounds for induction. Making it up the stairs to the office proved that you were not only alive, but reasonably physically fit. Your intelligence was obviously adequate since you

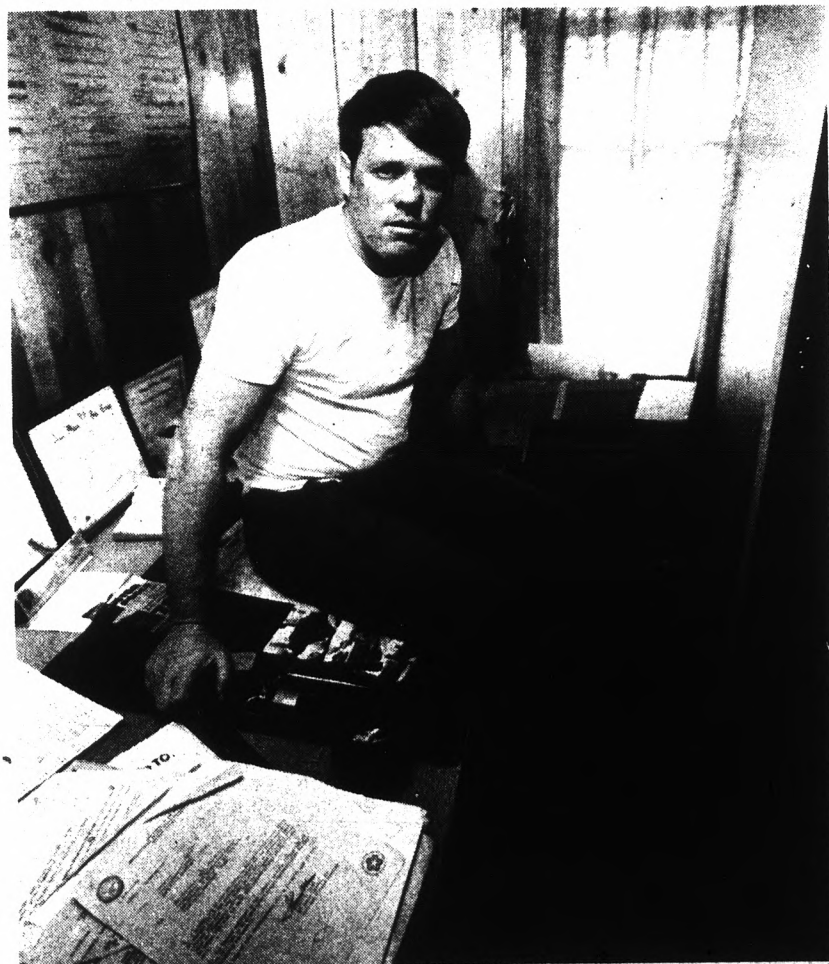
The one good thing that most people with military experience remember is the camaraderie. While there may be friction between some individuals in a unit, the group identification is usually strong. Whether it's hanging out on the barracks roof drinking beer or having your wounded and bleeding ass dragged out of an ambush, the feeling is that you can pretty much count on the other people in your unit.

Close friendships develop and sometimes these are what keeps you going. But it's a two-edged sword. While the friends are there, things are okay; but sooner or later, one buddy gets transferred. There are always promises to write and visit, and sometimes that happens. Usually, you just go your separate ways. Army buddies are people fondly remembered but never seen again.

And then there were those who left and lost it all a few weeks later in a rocket attack in Da Nang, or who stepped on something in the DMZ, or...

* * *

The crew chief of the olive-drab UH-1B helicopter has just finished replacing a set of filters in the complex turbine which drives the craft. Swinging down from the Huey's humped back, the chief



Staff Sgt. Richard Hadd: "A lot of people want out."

PAGE 2 CENTERFOLD

**'The days go by quick,
but never quick enough.'**

were able to read the sign pointing to the office. Moral character was established since you had a permanent address (you did get the draft notice, after all).

Drill sergeants complained about the draftees, and leaders of regular units said their people didn't care and wanted only to get out. But then with a shit-stupid war going on for no reason anybody could figure out, of course everybody wanted out. Nearly everyone did get out and most of us made it alive.

signals the pilot. The turbine emits a high-pitched whine. As the rotors begin to turn, the chief monitors the engine to make sure the malfunction has been corrected. It has, and after a few moments the turbine winds down, the blades stop and Karen Swendsen removes her helmet.

Swendsen's job at Fort Ord's Fritzsche Airfield consists of cleaning the helicopter, inspecting it constantly for mechanical problems and accompanying the crew on most flights. She likes the work. In

fact, she likes it so much she has just re-enlisted.

"It's a challenging job," she says. "I think it should help me get a job when I get out. If I get out."

She finds the work easier than she expected, but she's good enough to have earned a sergeant's stripes as well as praise from her pilot and the company's commanding officer. Her satisfaction with the job and the Army shows it's possible to make a career — possibly a good one — in the Army.

The sticker on the front of Sergeant-Major James Weldy's gray metal desk reads, "Help get rid of the Draft. Join the Modern Volunteer Army." Having spent five years as a recruiter he is now a career counselor.

"I know from experience that there is a lot of pressure on recruiters now to meet quotas," he says. "They have to sell the Army any way they can and I'm sure misrepresentation has happened."

"Part of my job," he says, "is to try and put the people where they want to be. Sometimes a troop will come in and say he was supposed to get such-and-such but got something else instead. Well, I've been around long enough to be able to understand a lot of the 'Armeese' the recruiting contracts are written in and if I can make a happy soldier by putting him or her in a job they want, I'll do it if I can."

Weldy is tied into the Army's computer system. A terminal in his office enables him to check a particular job, school opening or duty station immediately. He says he is more than willing to do what the individual wants, if it's possible, but "the needs of the military come first."

If a recruitment contract has been obviously misrepresented, Weldy can often



Troops of the 14th Combat Engineers practice map reading in the field.

accomplish, and the training that needs to be done just can't be done at Fort Ord.

"What we need is realistic training and more of it," he says. "We should be able to go to Panama or Alaska or whatever is necessary to make it as real and as interesting to the troops as possible. Right now, we can hardly do anything here because of the environmental impact problems serious training involves."

Relaxing in his room in the platoon's barracks, Hadd watches a M*A*S*H re-

run for a few moments and then continues.

"There's only so much that can be done before it all becomes very boring to the troops. With no mission, esprit and morale are way down and a lot of people just want out."

But Hadd says the biggest problem of today's Army is the low quality of the men themselves. "With the all-volunteer program, we get a lot of the people that just can't get a job anywhere else. We just don't get a good cross section of society like we did when the draft was in operation."

"I can't really blame the individual troops themselves. I blame the division and the Department of Army policy that takes away the incentives for professionalism and enthusiasm. The attitude is just sub-par to a professional."

"I'll tell you this: The situation is so bad that if I could walk out that front gate today, I would."

The days do go by quickly — until the last month or two. Then things really start to drag. The last two months seem as long as the rest of the time. And the

gate and leave the military behind.

It will be back to the real world where not everybody wears baggy green clothes and talks in abbreviations and acronyms. There will be nobody to salute and you won't have to sign in and out of your home. You'll be treated as an equal again by the civilians who consider a soldier a second-class citizen.

The knowledge of freedom brings a certain sense of relief, but with it comes concern, when the security of a known set of circumstances comes to an end. All the little actions that have become second nature — the morning formations, the strict mealtimes, the known hierarchy of who's who — all are seen in a different light when you realize it may be the last time you'll need to know them.

It's a little scary at first, when you walk out the gate and you don't know how long it'll take to readjust to the real world.

But don't worry, it takes most people about 10 minutes.

'Right now, all I've learned is how to pick up cigarette butts.'

provide the promised benefits. If the enlistee's taste of the military is disillusioning, however, he or she may be released from the service.

Weldy says reinstatement of the draft is not necessary, but he does see a need to construct a workable reserve system. "The young troops of today don't blindly accept orders anymore," he says. "To say 'Do it just because I say so' doesn't cut it anymore. There needs to be more emphasis placed on how situations dictate how commands are to be given."

Staff Sergeant Richard Hadd is as tough as 15 years in the Army can make a man. He has served with the elite of the United States' military machine, including Airborne and Special Forces units — the Green Berets. Above the left breast pocket on his fatigues he wears the badge of the combat infantryman, an insignia that only those who have seen combat are entitled to wear.

As Platoon Sergeant in an infantry company, Hadd is not pleased with either the quality of the training or the troops themselves. And he is not shy about expressing it.

"Frankly," he says, "this division is the worst unit I've ever been in. The division doesn't seem to have any mission to



28 years later: ROTC is secure after a facelift

by Stephen Lewis

At the height of the Vietnam War, military ROTC programs were kicked off some college campuses.

ROTC facilities at Stanford and San Jose State were bombed.

In May 1968, SF State's general faculty defeated a resolution that recommended termination of Air Force ROTC on campus. A week of protests by anti-war groups followed. San Francisco police were called in for the first time during the student uprising to control the violence.

Today the AFROTC is the only on-campus ROTC program at SF State. Its facilities on the first floor of the Psychology Building are small and the image is low key.

ROTC came to the campus in 1951.

Since 1964, SF State has had a renewable two-year contract with the Air Force allowing the military to give instruction on campus.

The university hosts a two-year ROTC program (some schools such as UC Berkeley offer a four-year program) that enables students to be commissioned as second lieutenants. Students then serve a four-year term in the Air Force.

The 15-unit course is all upper division. Cadets are paid \$100 per month, and books, materials and uniforms, which are worn only during class periods, are paid for by the Air Force. Students also attend a six-week summer camp and receive \$500 to help cover school costs. Once they enter service, students are paid \$773 per month. With other compensation this figure can reach \$991.

The Air Force also picks up the tab for their instructors.

AFROTC receives office space, a secretary and about \$1,200 per year from the university for copying and other small amenities; the Air Force pays all other costs.

There is no major or minor in ROTC, although it does have departmental status.

Still scarred from the Vietnam years, ROTC has undergone a major facelift hoping to attract students. Civilian textbooks have replaced Air Force training manuals, ROTC courses are now open to all students, non-academic subjects such as marching, military courtesy and some basic training have been deleted, all instructors must hold master's degrees, and perhaps most importantly, all courses are subject to review by SF State's Instructional Policies Committee giving the school a say in courses offered.

Air Force captain and ROTC instructor Patrick Anderson believes attracting people to the program is vital.

"You have to attract people; you've got to be responsive to their needs," Anderson said.

Perhaps this explains why recruiters' major thrust is pointing out the job opportunities and employment security of the military.

Virtually all ROTC cadets interviewed cited the job incentive as the reason they joined.

"Job opportunities are scarce," said Mario Torres, a 24-year-old senior in ROTC. "The Air Force offers a good chance for promotion and career development."

"I like the job opportunities," said Mary O'Leary, a senior cadet. "You can get trained for some job. One basic objective of ROTC is to train for management."

Tracy Warren, a senior battalion commander in UC Berkeley's Navy ROTC, said, "I am a civil engineering major, and I'll get a lot of responsibility in a civil engineering corps here. I'll have more responsibility and better chances for advancement."

Anderson agrees job opportunities are one of the great advantages of ROTC as do instructors in all of UC Berkeley's ROTC programs (Navy and Army as well as Air Force). All mentioned economic considerations.

Air Force Capt. John Knight of UC Berkeley said, "Job security is probably the most important aspect for students. If they want a job after school, this is the place."

**"I believe in
defending
the country."**

But a job is not the only reason for joining.

SF State's Nancy Gray, a junior cadet, said, "I always wanted a military career. I believe in the military. I believe in defending the country."

Women are a bigger part of ROTC than ever before. In 1967, 38 men were enrolled in AFROTC at SF State. Today, six women along with 22 men are enrolled as cadets.

Nationally, women and minority group members compose about one-fifth each of all AFROTC cadets. Both figures are at an all-time high.

The increasing numbers of women and minorities joining ROTC, are causing a fundamental change in the makeup of the military services and the increased



Photo by Scott Ludwig

Training emphasis is in the classroom instead of the fields.

advancement of those groups into leadership positions in the military services.

ROTC was established in its present form by the National Defense Act of 1916 and experienced its biggest growth preceding World War II.

However, ROTC traces its history back to 1819, when Capt. Alden Partridge, a former superintendent at West Point, established Norwich University as a military college at Northfield, Vt.

In 1862, the Morrill Act provided for federal land grants to colleges and universities agreeing to offer military courses.

Until the mid-1950s, these land-grant colleges interpreted the law to mean the first two years of ROTC — the basic training — had to be compulsory for all male students.

In the mid-1960s, the military discontinued ROTC as a military course after universities had begun to re-interpret the law themselves.

According to Air Force Capt. Tom Boyd of Maxwell Air Force base in Alabama, the result was that AFROTC enrollment nationwide dropped from 78,691 in 1965 to its low point of 16,579 in 1976.

Currently AFROTC is on 143 campuses nationwide. Total AFROTC enrollment is 18,019; this compares to 61,185 for Army ROTC and 7,872 for the Navy program.

Today, although ROTC maintains a low profile, it is not exempt from accusations and often-harsh criticism.

In March 1977, a former UC Berkeley student charged his ROTC commander with giving him a letter of recommendation and encouraging him to become a mercenary in Rhodesia. No official action was ever taken, but the incident received much publicity.

Recently, the Spartacus Youth League (SYL), a campus Trotskyist-socialist group, sponsored a rally to kick ROTC off campus.

During the rally, one speaker asserted that "ROTC will be used to gun down strike workers."

Alden Cavanaugh, the student government's humanities representative and SYL member, said, "The Army and Air Force ROTC are all part of our defense establishment. The education they get is in order to train to kill people."

Cavanaugh introduced a resolution in the Associated Students legislature last month calling for the ouster of ROTC from the campus. It narrowly failed by 7-5, three votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority. There were three abstentions.

Anderson defends an on-campus ROTC.

"Where's a better place to train than a liberal arts school?" he said. "If all cadets hear is military training from me, they will be pretty poor officers — they won't have learned to think."

Anderson conceded that liberal arts is used to attract people, but added, "There are so many situations which arise in which an officer has to think."

Aloha Keylor, SYL president, has charged ROTC with "hiding behind the respectability of the campus."

In response, cadet O'Leary said, "They call us baby butchers, but they've never attended classes to see what we do."



Enrollment of women is at an all-time high.

The general student body lacks awareness of ROTC presence on campus. The anti-ROTC rally attracted only about 35 people, many of whom were co-sponsors or SYL members.

An SYL speaker said students are more concerned about grades, and Anderson thinks students are neutral about the issue.

At UC Berkeley, Knight believes students don't really care about ROTC.

"I don't even think students are aware of the program," he said.

When asked for directions to the AFROTC facilities, one student didn't even know ROTC existed at SF State.

The future role it will play on campuses remains to be seen, but the present low-key image seems to keep ROTC programs here, and throughout the nation, secure.

SF State is best in West at College Bowl

by Mike Yamamoto

For SF State, the College Bowl could more accurately be called the College Cornucopia.

The university team reaped the fruitful victory of first place Saturday in the regional competition of this modern version of the popular quiz show televised during the '50s and '60s.

Until it was revived last year, College Bowl remained dormant since 1970 at SF State.

"It was a joy to beat Stanford," said SF State team member Mario Lopez. Stanford barely defeated SF State last year and went on to win the national championship.

"We played them in the first round and caught them cold while they were still cocky," he said.

Lopez, a graduate student in business administration, said his team lost in 1978 because of "controversial, disputed calls."

"We had the edge this year," said Greg Bulanti, coordinator of the intra-

mural SF State competition. "There was a bitter case of failure from last year."

The Stanford team lost their first game to SF State, 520-300, and was completely eliminated from the competition in the third round when Los Angeles State defeated them, 390-200.

"We choked," said Stanford team member Tom Gazzola, "but SF State was simply a cut above everyone else

in the tournament."

SF State easily beat LA State in their first meeting, 595-75. But their second outing, during the fifth and final round, SF State ran into trouble.

Ellie Oppenheim, regional director for the College Bowl, said the two teams were "neck and neck" for the first half of the round until SF State finally pulled away, winning it with a score of 450-325.

Bulanti said the close match may

have ignited a rivalry akin to that which exists between the professional sports teams of San Francisco and Los Angeles.

SF State remained undefeated throughout the double elimination competition, LA State finished in second place, and Stanford took third.

SF State will move on to the College Bowl national tournament, scheduled for June 3 through 9 at the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, where

they will compete with 15 teams.

The only prize offered to the individual contestants is the one-week trip to Miami, all expenses paid. But a sizable amount of money can be won through scholarships, ranging from \$500 to \$7,500 each. Last year, \$25,000 in scholarships were awarded.

Lopez said his team "should have beaten Stanford last year," and therefore could have won the national title. "We're pretty confident," he said. "We're taking the month of March off."

campus report

Funding snag delays Lilliput opening day

The return of childcare at SF State has been postponed at least until Monday due to "some small technical problems," according to the Associated Students.

The Lilliput Childcare Center, vacant since 1977 and until recently infested with scores of laboratory mice, was scheduled to reopen yesterday morning.

AS Attorney General Boris Mirsakov would not comment further on the technicalities that kept Lilliput closed, but said, "childcare is one of the biggest issues at this campus; we

don't want to rush it. We want to make sure everything is right."

Lilliput Director Kyzzy Montague was unavailable for comment.

Emily Guth, a teacher at the center, said the reason for the delay was purely financial. Although the AS Legislature allocated \$18,600 for the program six weeks ago, she said, the money didn't reach Montague until March 1.

Guth said the delay did not give the center enough time to buy a license and still meet yesterday's proposed opening.

Faculty to see provost job applicants

Beginning next week, SF State faculty members will have an opportunity

to meet off-campus nominees for the provost's spot.

According to James Kelley, dean of the School of Science and chairman of the Provost Selection Committee, there are 11 candidates for the provost post, seven from off campus and four on campus. He declined to give the nominees' names because "it might be embarrassing" to the candidates.

The meetings will be held:
* March 13 - Blakeslee Room (PS 1000), 2-3 p.m.
* March 15 - Creative Arts Conference Room (CA 351), 3-4 p.m.
* March 19 - Creative Arts Conference Room (CA 351), 3-4 p.m.
* March 22 - Creative Arts Conference Room (CA 351), 3-4 p.m.
* March 26 - Blakeslee Room (PS 1000), 3-4 p.m.
* March 28 - Blakeslee Room (PS 1000), 3-4 p.m.
* April 2 - Blakeslee Room (PS 1000), 3-4 p.m.

The provost job became vacant when Donald Garrity resigned last August to assume the presidency of Central Washington University. Larry Ianni is acting provost.

Kelley said his committee expects to give its recommendations to President Paul Romberg by April 1. He said he did not know when Romberg would make the final decision.

Robinson scholarship fund started

A scholarship fund has been started this week at SF State in memory of Greg Robinson, the *San Francisco Examiner* photographer killed while on assignment, in the Guyana ambush on Rep. Leo Ryan's party.

Robinson, once the photo editor of the *Phoenix*, graduated from SF State in 1974 and was hired by the *Examiner* in 1976.

The *Examiner*, sponsor of the award, sent a \$61,151.50 check to the Frederic Burk Foundation to start the fund, which means the annual \$1,000 scholarship will continue indefinitely.

Any student with a 3.0 grade-point average, majoring in journalism with an emphasis in photography, is eligible for the award.

The Robinson award is the second-largest scholarship fund on record here, according to Larry Eisenberg, director of the Foundation. Funds for the scholarship were collected through contributions and the sale of Robinson's Peoples Temple photos taken in Guyana.

The award agreement stated the purpose of the award is to "encourage and recognize meritorious students interested in news photography" at SF

State.

The Burk Foundation was named by the *Examiner* to act as legal holding company for the scholarship fund which may begin by the fall 1979 semester, said Eisenberg.

The selection committee for the scholarship will consist of Journalism Chairman Bernard Liebes, one journalism professor, Director of Student Financial Aid Ellis Gendey and two members of the *Examiner* staff.

The award agreement stated the financial need of a student would not be a requirement, but may be a consideration for the scholarship.

Among the contributors to the fund was the Graham Foundation (publisher of the *Washington Post*) which donated \$2,000.

Cops arrest suspect in gym thefts

Campus police arrested a man March 1 who has confessed to committing between 30 and 50 gym locker thefts.

The man, whom police identified as a former student in his 20's, was arrested at the gym with burglary tools and property in his possession.

Campus police officer Dwayne Hadley said, "The man is a major suspect in many of the locker robberies on campus."

"The identification of the suspect was made through fingerprints and eyewitnesses, that was how we got the arrest warrant," he added.

The suspect has a prior arrest record for possession of stolen property.

Test score values are questioned

Despite increasing concern about standardized testing, decision-makers across the country still rely on test scores as indicators of probable success in college and graduate school.

Tests such as the Scholastic Aptitude Test, Law School Admissions Test and Graduate Records Exam are given to 200 million people every year.

Tests like these determine, in large measure, who will be admitted to colleges. David Weiss, director of DE-TEST, spoke yesterday in the Creative Arts Building about testing limitations.

As a project of the Center for the Study of Education and Politics in Middletown, Conn., DE-TEST sponsored Weiss' speaking tour. The lecture and slide show was titled "Standardized Testing: Is Reform Necessary?" Four students showed up.

Besides co-sponsoring this program, the project has two other outreach programs: "The Testing Trap: The Use and Abuse of Standardized Tests," which is a slide show lecture covering the history of testing, how modern standardized tests are constructed and scored and the testing industry; and "Truth in Testing Legislation."

"Project DE-TEST began due to our belief that the tests have become a significant impediment to people's quest for control over the quality of their educational institutions and their lives," said Weiss.

"America sorely needs new kinds of tests and other methods of evaluation appropriate to the building of a democratic society."

from page one

• friction

The extensive revitalization on Ocean Avenue is a result of a market analysis made two years ago by the Planning Commission and the San Francisco Development Fund.

Besides the OAMA, however, other neighborhood merchants have mixed reactions to Stonestown's proposed expansion.

"There was no discussion on the mall's possible impact when we met last week," said Doug Hale, Lakeside Merchants Association president.

"Actually, business is on the increase. Six stores have opened up here

in the last six months," he said, referring to the area along Ocean Avenue between 19th Avenue and Junipero Serra. Hale said the neighborhood has its own clientele that relies on the merchants for convenient services.

Jeweler Stan Levin, however, fears he will lose money on the recently remodelled jewelry store he leases in the 19th and Ocean area. Levin, who has been in the area for 4½ months, sank \$35,000 into improvements on the store.

He plans to make his interests known at the next Planning Commission hearing, scheduled for April 5.

The Planning Commission voted unanimously to continue discussion after hearing various comments at the March 1 meeting. It is not certain yet

whether the board will approve the Stonestown proposal by next month.


• cops

resolution, but there is some feeling that it does not go far enough.

Mike Sturman, editor of the Long Beach State *Daily 49er*, said: "We have to take a firmer stand. The resolution should contain stronger language spelling out that the law is harmful and demanding an inquiry into it."

The *Phoenix* delegation will propose an editorial calling for an end to the restrictive information practices, to be run in each paper of the 26-member college press association.

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arts

Enduring art

by Katie Seger

The alert eyes of a child watch the passing crowd, his lips slightly open, hesitating to ask a question, a question never to be asked.

The child and the crowd are separated by a glass enclosed frame . . . and more than 400 years.

Albrecht Durer's black chalk sketch of the child is just one of the art works on display through June 3 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Choice works from the State Museums of Dresden, East Germany, have been gathered for this exhibit, "The Splendor of Dresden: Five Centuries of Art Collecting."

Art collecting was a mania of the Saxon rulers of Dresden: state treasures were emptied to feed their addiction. Their obsession was our good fortune. This treasure trove of art has something to please everyone and offers a colorful trip through time.

The Dresden exhibit is grouped chronologically into three chapters, each chapter subdivided into 12 sections. The introductory room features the changing scene of the city throughout its life. Beginning with a pen and ink drawing (circa 1572) of the city by the Elbe river, a view is provided of the effects of time and war. The beauty of the Renaissance and baroque periods stands in contrast to the horror of anti-fascist artist Hans Grundig's "The Thousand-year Reich" and Wilhelm Rudolph's "Dresden Destroyed."

Each room presents the creative mastery of the centuries in paintings, porcelains, bronzes, figurines and jewelry.

Paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer and Titian hang in the Old Masters gallery. The main emphasis of the collection is on the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with extensive representation of Dutch and Italian art.

The porcelain pieces in the next room, collected from Japan and China, and those of Germany's own city of Meissen, are secured by hidden clamps to protect them from earthquake damage while on display in San Francisco.

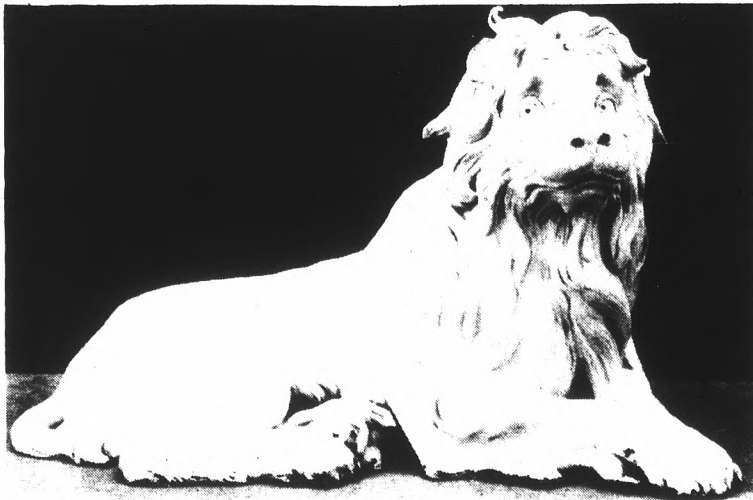
Two of the "dragon vases" (so called because King Augustus the Strong obtained them in exchange for 600 soldiers in 1772) are on display, their brilliant blue and white designs preserved through the centuries. In the same room are animal sculptures by Kirchner and Kandler, featuring a white porcelain lion more than 20 inches long.

Crown jewels, silver and gold flacons, and the famed Blackamoor with a matrix of 16 emeralds from Dresden's "Green Vaults" are included in the exhibit.

Painted the national color of Saxony, the Green Vault chambers became Europe's first royal treasury museum under order from Augustus the Strong.

Augustus commissioned the old Secret Deposit of the Electors, a collection which comprised much of the fortune of the state, to be enlarged and opened to the public.

One of over 700 masterworks included in the exhibition is the bejeweled



Kirchner's porcelain lion, modeled in 1732, is 20" long.

Moor, carved from pearwood. The figure's outstretched arms bear a tray of uncut emeralds from South America.

Dresden's "cabinet of curiosities" is filled with magical timepieces, natural gemstones and the craftsman's tools of saw and planes, transformed into gilt and silver works of art.

All permanent pieces at the Palace of the Legion of Honor have been moved and stored in the museum, which has been given a facelift to properly house the Saxon artworks, many of which have never been outside East Germany.

Through war, pestilence and fire-bombing, Dresden has survived.

During World War II, various parts of the collection were distributed among 45 storage areas outside Dresden; some were sent to Konigsstein. Toward the end of the war, many of them were moved senselessly back and forth under contradictory orders from the Nazi government. As a result, a truck carrying 200 of these works was passing back through Dresden on Feb. 13, 1945, when the Allied air forces fire-bombed the city. Together with the Zwinger, the Gallery, the Residence, the Frauenkirche and nearly all of central Dresden, these paintings were completely destroyed. In the same terrible raid, 42 huge paintings left in the Residence were also demolished.

In April 1945, 250 major paintings were transferred to a railway tunnel near Pirna and an abandoned limepit near Pockau-Lengfeld. Immediately after the Nazi surrender on May 8, 1945, a special detachment of Soviet troops and experts rushed to save these works. After on-the-spot first-aid operations, these paintings, together with most of the Dresden collections, were sent to Moscow and Kiev for restoration and safekeeping. In 1955, they were returned to Dresden.

The exhibit was funded by a grant from IBM, with additional support from the Robert Wood Johnson Jr. Charitable Trust, the National Endowment for the Arts and the Museum Society of San Francisco.

The museum will be open every day from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. General admission is \$2.50.

The plot behind the plot behind the plot...

by David Hern

This week, the adage "truth is stranger than fiction" achieves its fullest realization with the release of the film "Agatha," starring Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave. The story behind the production of this film is as bizarre and convoluted as the screenplay itself.

The odyssey began two years ago when Hoffman signed a contract with First Artists Productions, a subsidiary of Warner Brothers Pictures, for "complete creative and artistic control" over the production of no less than two motion pictures. This practice of giving actors more leeway in the creative process was created by First Artists in an attempt to attract big names and box office potential.

Included in the "creative control" clause were the responsibilities of selecting the director, cast members, screenwriters, and retaining the rights to the "final cut" — the edited print as it appears in the theatre. Hoffman voluntarily forfeited a substantial portion of his standard actor's salary to obtain these privileges. This was, for Hoffman, the beginning of a nightmare.

The first property Hoffman obtained under his new contract was a script titled "No Beast So Fierce," a story of an armed robber attempting to go straight after a grueling prison term. Hoffman liked the script and immediately brought it to the attention of the studio heads, who gave him the go-ahead.

During the shooting of the film, however, Phil Feldman, head of First Artists, suggested the crew take a hiatus so Hoffman could make negotiations for his second project to expedite proceedings when it came time to shoot it. Hoffman agreed and flew to London, where he met a screenwriter working on a script offering a hypothetical solution to the mysterious disappearance of mystery novel writer Agatha Christie in 1926.

That year Mrs. Christie's car was found abandoned on a road near her family estate, which led police on a wild and highly publicized goose chase. Mrs. Christie was eventually discovered at a fashionable spa in Paris several months later, but the details of the case and the reasons for her disappearance were never satisfactorily explained.

Negotiations on the script went so smoothly and rapidly that Hoffman

and company agreed they should begin production immediately, leaving "No Beast So Fierce" for completion later. After four weeks shooting in London, Hoffman was informed by telegram that "No Beast" was being seized by First Artists for rapid completion and release. The apparent liberal policy of First Artists had a catch — namely, the personal whim of Feldman. He claimed Hoffman was spending too much time and manpower on his projects and was stretching the term "creative control" to suit his personal tastes. Hoffman immediately filed suit against First Artists for breach of contract and flew back to New York to try to salvage what he could from "No Beast."

First Artists filed a countersuit claiming Hoffman was not only being extravagant and wasteful, but also neglecting his responsibilities for completion. Hoffman became livid. He claimed that if First Artists had not called for a hiatus from "No Beast," both it and "Agatha" would have been completed trouble-free and no time or money would have been wasted. He said the interruptions and impatience of the studio heads created the delays they ended up complaining about. As the case was, when "No Beast" was temporarily wrapped, the work completed at that point was considerably ahead of schedule.

With Hoffman still in London, "No Beast" was retitled "Straight Time" and released in the summer of '78. The film received a number of bad reviews and quickly became a tax write-off for First Artists. Hoffman was not surprised since, as he claimed, the entire meaning and sensibility of the film was destroyed by its lack of completion and haphazard editing.

At this point, knee-deep in suits and countersuits, Hoffman had one crucial scene left to shoot on "Agatha." But the crew, on command of First Artists, had already wrapped.

So now, with the release of "Agatha," the confusing ordeal comes to an end. If the film is a success, Hoffman's profits will be minimal, as he had originally forfeited salary in favor of his position. "Agatha" is an incomplete film but hopefully, from First Artists' standpoint, no one will ever notice. If Agatha Christie were alive, one wonders if she could have created a plot as intricate and dumbfounding as the real life story behind "Agatha."



Today, Hoffman is still battling for his rights of "creative control."

3-D sound system: no glasses needed

by Mike Molenda

Living in a three-dimensional world is just fine, provided this world is perceived by sight and touch alone. Imagine how surprised your brain would be if the odor of garlic had a characteristic mass and form.

And what about sound?

Picture yourself as a lazy cloud floating about the atmosphere. Now picture that atmosphere, not as oxygen and other assorted chemical additives, but as music. The wailing of orchestral violins is under you, above you and beside you. You are supported and sustained by gentle breezes of flutes; by air pockets of trumpets.

This little imaginary scenario depicts the illusion of three-dimensional sound, or audio holography. But while our scenario is fabricated, audio holography is not. It is a reality.

And you can buy it.

Dutko Sound, an eight-month-old "non-stereo" company, has perfected (and is currently marketing) the first multi-dimensional sound projector.

Already, the system's introduction has charged the stereo industry with ions of enthusiasm and controversy.

Systems have been sold to, and are now operating at, the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim and The City disco in San Francisco. Walt Disney Productions may record the soundtrack for

their upcoming science fiction feature, "The Black Hole," in three-dimensional sound.

But stereo manufacturers are leery of the Dutko device.

"The stereo industry is a big powerful group," said Michael Levy, 21, manufacturer's representative for the infant company. "There is a lot of resistance to a concept that is unique."

There is also a certain amount of resistance from individuals who experience the audio holography effect for the first time.

The new reality in sound

"Some people feel the effect is not realistic. If you accept stereo as reality, it will be hard to comprehend another dimension being unfolded to you. Dutko sound is the new reality in sound."

The story of Steve Dutkovich, 28, inventor of the multi-dimensional sound projector, is as amazing as the device itself.

Dutkovich was a high school dropout, whose only contact with sound reinforcement was as a sound man for small club bands. This job usually entails little more than keeping vocals discernible over the blitzkrieg volume of bellowing guitar amplifiers.

Somewhere along the line, Dutkovich developed the theory of three-dimensional sound. ("He was probably very loaded at the time," chuckled Levy.) To prepare for putting his theory into practice, Dutkovich enrolled at Los Angeles' Pierce College to learn basic physics, computer science, electronic engineering and math.

When he learned what he needed to know, he dropped out. Again. Dutkovich still has no degree of any kind.

And when Dr. Paul Rubenstein, director of Cedar-Sinai, Los Angeles' "celebrity" hospital, was looking for an investment Dutkovich and his device was recommended.

So armed with a good idea, a better — or at least different — mousetrap, and moneymoneymoney, Dutkovich was set.

According to Levy, the company has grown as fast as it has been exposed to people.

"Business people hear the device and immediately think of applications," said Levy. "Steve Neal, chief

sound engineer for Bill Graham, wanted to know how big a space the system could fill. We haven't worked out the problems with echoes in large halls, and right now costs would be prohibitive for all but the biggest groups, but he liked the sound."

The cost factor is due to the necessity of four amplifiers and four speaker columns to produce the holograph effect.

A home unit would require eight speakers placed in four corners to create a square listening environment. Two speakers are mounted piggyback in each corner. Currently, a complete home unit with eight speakers, four amps, turntable, etc., would cost about \$5,000.

Unlike quadrophonic systems, one does not need to purchase special recordings to enjoy the audio holography. Conventional stereo records and tapes can be used.

However, three-dimensional recording is not far off. Stevie Wonder is reported to be interested in experimenting with Dutko sound in the studio.

"Imagine," said Levy, "he could put his voice anywhere within the listening environment. He could put it right in front of you, or have it drift from under you to above you."

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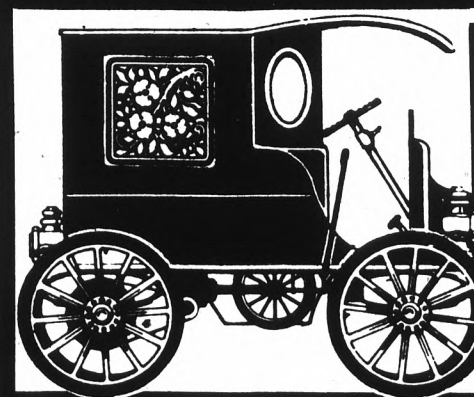
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A degree of worldly knowledge

by Sheila Downey

"Never let schooling interfere with an education."

— Mark Twain

If Twain were alive today he'd get along well with Dennis Penley, a self-taught weaver and photographer who recently received his bachelor's degree from SF State. Penley never enrolled in a single college course.

Penley had no idea that his eight years of travel would lead to his degree when he traded the four-cornered classroom for more exhilarating scenery.

He left San Francisco in 1970, took a six-month cruise on the balmy seas of the South Pacific and then spent a freezing three months in Alaskan fishing camps. A freighter took him to Haiti, where he slept in caves and took part in native voodoo rituals. A four-month walk across the Dominican Republic brought him to the eager arms of the Peace Corps, where he taught farming techniques and was pestered by natives asking for free rides to Brooklyn.

A life-long desire to experience a primitive lifestyle brought him finally to Ecuador, where he lived with a family of Otavalan Indians and learned about ancient Incan weaving.

After four years of doing Incan weaving he became known as an expert in the field, wrote a book in Spanish about what he knew and showed it to professors here when he returned. They were so impressed they awarded him a bachelor's equivalency degree and a position to teach weaving next semester.

Penley, who also learned photo-



Dennis Penley learned photography on Ecuadorian money.

graphy in South America, will present his collection of cultural portraits of Ecuadorian life in the Union Depot throughout this month.

The display, titled "Images of Ecuador," shows typical Ecuadorian scenes of wood gathering, cattle drives to the Amazon and grazing sheep on the rural mountain countryside. His portraits of the people show the careworn faces of elders and wide, wondering eyes of small children. They are portraits of the life he lived in a small mountain village in the Andes called Saraguro.

His home was a mud hut topped with a thatched-grass roof. There was no running water or electricity. His daily routine consisted of driving cattle, farming the land and weaving cloth on the hand looms.

When he received his contract from the Organization of American States to write his book, Penley's primitive instincts were somewhat dulled. The

\$1,000 he was receiving each month brought him from the jungles by day to French restaurants by night until he finished the book a year later in 1978.

Penley has little regret about his five-year stay in Ecuador which is still paying off. He occasionally gives lectures about weaving at the California Academy of Sciences and other institutions.

But he plans to go farther than California with his knowledge of Incan weaving. A grant he may get from the Smithsonian Institution would allow him to go to the jungles of Borneo in Indonesia which, he says, is a complete textile civilization.

In the meantime, Penley is now officially enrolled at SF State and is working on a self-created master's degree combining anthropology and art. He says he doesn't mind sitting at desks and taking notes. It's a new experience for him.

Spotlight

MUSIC

At the Union Depot:
March 8 — folk group Tattoo, 5-7 p.m.

March 9 — International music by Martine Habib, 5-7 p.m.

March 13 — Country singer Donna Turner, 5-7 p.m.

March 14 — Jazz trio Jennifer Clevinger, 5-7 p.m.

March 15 — Jazz group Kevin Harris and Friends, 5-7 p.m.

March 8 — French pianist Jean-Philippe Collard at McKenna Theater at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$2.

FILM

March 8 and 9 — "Silver Streak" starring Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. Showtimes are 4 and 7 p.m. Admission is \$1 afternoons, and \$1.50 evenings.

March 13 — Actresses Lee Grant and Carol Kane, and film director Karen Arthur will be showing and discussing "The Mafu Cage" at McKenna Theater at 7:30 p.m. For tickets, call 585-7174.

March 12 — At the Union Depot: "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe," Chapter 5, and the Beatles' "Yellow Submarine," from 4:30-7 p.m. Free.

March 13 — "Les Coeurs Verts" (The Naked Hearts), a view of life in the French suburbs. Free in the Barbary Coast from 3-5 p.m. Subtitles.

POETRY

March 14 — John Thorpe and Bruce Andrews will read in the Barbary Coast at 3 p.m. Free.

TVC

Thursday - March 8

Noon San Francisco State Report

12:08 Profile

12:14 Inside

12:44 Open Season

Friday - March 9

Noon San Francisco State Report

12:08 Profile

12:14 Mark Miller (R)

Monday - March 12

Noon San Francisco State Report

12:08 Profile

12:14 Baseball; SF State vs. Davis

Tuesday - March 13

Noon San Francisco State Report

12:08 Profile

12:14 Introducing Bob Gidray

12:44 Lady of Lockspur Lotion

Wednesday - March 14

Noon San Francisco State Report

12:08 Profile

12:22 Showcase

1:00 Poetry Center

Collard at SF State tonight

by Coleen Crampton

A pianist of marked lyric gifts, Jean-Philippe Collard, will be performing tonight at 8 p.m. in McKenna Theater.

Pieces by Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Faure and Liszt will be among those performed in Collard's recital.

Collard's SF State performance will be the last on his 1978-79 tour, which included appearances in Montreal, Houston, Los Angeles, Boulder and San Juan.

The concert sold out at Knuth Hall and was rescheduled for McKenna Theater, where the seating capacity more than doubles the original available seating.

Born in 1948, Collard started playing the piano at the age of five.

At 16, Collard graduated from the Paris Conservatory of Music with honors.

He made his American debut in 1973 with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Seiji Ozawa, performing the Ravel Concerto in G Major.

Ten of Collard's 18 recordings have been released in the United States by the Connoisseur Society.

Two of these recordings have been selected as Record of the Year and Record of the Month by Stereo Review magazine.

This year Collard, 30, will have over 23 albums to his credit when four Rachmaninoff piano concerti and Rhapsody, the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques, Abegg Variations and Three Romances are released.

Tickets, \$2 for students and \$4 for the general public, are available at the Creative Arts Box Office.

Frampton: 'I'll give you money'

by John Tuvo

In 1977, British rock star Peter Frampton and A&M records established, through the Frederic Burk Foundation, a \$10,000 endowment fund for SF State music students.

The \$500 award, which is the annual interest of the endowment, is SF State's only scholarship strictly for modern-music students.

Also saxophone player and composer Steve Heinemann was the recipient of the scholarship this year.

Heinemann was selected by a committee of Music Department faculty. The sax player earned the award for the two 20th-century classical compositions he wrote.

"I was very thrilled to get the scholarship. It is the biggest one in the Music Department," said Heinemann.

Heinemann received \$250 of his scholarship in the fall and will receive the other half this spring. The money will go into his savings account.

Heinemann's influences have come from the worlds of classical music and jazz. Bartok and Stravinsky, as well as jazz saxophonist Phil Woods, have instilled ideas in Heinemann.

He recognizes that rockers are usually in better financial position than other types of musicians.

"Rock musicians are about the only ones that can afford to contribute a scholarship fund," said Heinemann.

Heinemann, a graduate student, plays for a local jazz-rock group, the Paul Chiten band.

"I can almost survive financially by playing in a band and doing live performances," he said.

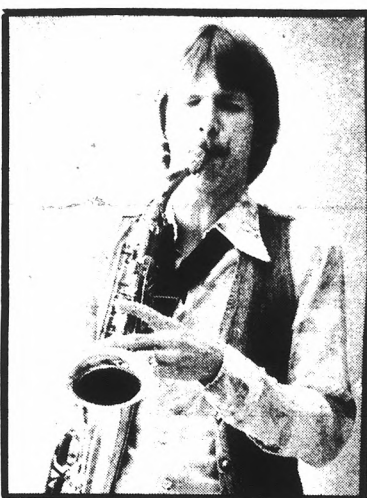
"I hope to perform professionally for a living or teach at a college somewhere in the Bay Area."

SF State is the only university believed to have received an endowment from Frampton.

"At the time (in 1977), we were the only school to receive such a grant from Mr. Frampton," said Warren Rasmussen, former chairman of the Music Department and current dean of Faculty Affairs.

An overabundance of platinum records may have been Frampton's reason for setting up the scholarship fund.

"Frampton was complaining that he had no room to put another platinum record, so A&M record company got together with Peter and they both decided to set up an endowment fund



Steve Heinemann had the sound that won.

instead of spending the money on the platinum disc," said Lawrence Eisenberg, director of the Frederic Burk Foundation for Education.

A platinum record is awarded to an artist for every 1 million copies of a particular album sold.

Frampton's best selling album is "Frampton Comes Alive," which sold over 7 million copies.

A large portion of that album was recorded at Winterland in San Francisco.

"I believe Frampton got his break in San Francisco, so he probably decided to show his gratitude by contributing a scholarship to SF State," said Eisenberg.

'The American Dream': Everything isn't peachy-keen

by Katie Seger

The Brown Bag Theater will present Edward Albee's "The American Dream" at noon, March 13-16 in CA 102. Admission is free.

"The play is an attack on the substitution of artificial for real values in our society and a condemnation of complacency and cruelty," said the play's director, David Sanford. "It is a stand against the fiction that everything in this slipping land of ours is peachy-keen. It shows the cancer underneath."

Although the play was written in 1961, Sanford feels that it still holds true as an indictment today.

Set designer Bob Hale, who also appears in the show, calls it a "Fractured Fairy Tale" of American life. In designing the set, he used a large, distorted American flag as the backdrop. Large replicas of a Crest toothpaste tube, Campbell's soup can and a box of detergent serve as furniture. The cast will don clown noses and other costumes to heighten the illusory effect.

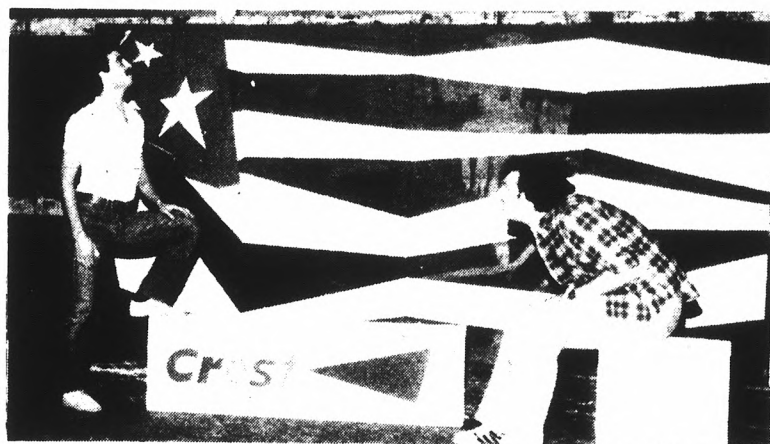
"I felt the flag, Crest and Campbell's look very American, and that is the heart of the drama," said Hale. "Everybody is chasing the American Dream, but they are all

leading empty, hollow lives, unable to find any satisfaction."

The show revolves around the all-American Mommy and Daddy and what they have done to their "bumble of joy." The entrance of the Young

Man, the American Dream incarnate, should provoke many different audience reactions.

In addition to Hale, the cast includes Bill Davidovich, Nancy Mutnick, Damara Reilly and Hilary Stern.



Gary Hubbard and Bill Davidovich (Daddy) in "The American Dream."

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sports



SF State freshman Julian Lathan uses a backward technique against opponent.

Photo by Scott Ludwig

Gators' goals hard to match

by Benny Evangelista Jr.

With only three seniors graduating from a team that was ranked 14th nationally, SF State wrestling coach Allen Abraham expects his Gators to reach the top of the Far West Conference (FWC) by next year.

But that's nothing new, for Abraham always sets high standards for his wrestlers, on and off the mat. "Every year we go out to win," said Abraham, who was named the FWC Coach of the Year. "I'm always training them to win the title."

The Gators didn't win the title this year, finishing second in the FWC championships behind Humboldt State, but they did qualify six wrestlers for the NCAA Division II national championships two weeks ago in South Dakota. Five of the six will be back next year.

"The only disappointing thing was that we didn't have any all-Americans," said 126-pound junior Mark Staton, who was eliminated from the championships after losing his first match.

All-American status was given to those wrestlers who placed eighth or better in their weight class during the nationals competition.

SF State didn't place any wrestlers in that top eight, but Scott Osterholdt picked up the Gator's only victory of the day in a preliminary match.

The other SF State wrestlers who went to South Dakota were sophomores Kevin Newsome, John Monolakis and Jesus Aboytes, and junior Lars Jensen. Senior Baron Wong just missed a wild card berth when he lost 7-6 in the semifinals of the NCAA regionals the week before.

Abraham figures those five returnees should form the nucleus of a formidable team next year. They will be tested by scholarship-giving teams such as Omaha State and Arizona State, as well as Humboldt State and Division II champ Bakersfield State.

"That's the best way to improve our program," said Abraham, whose team this year went up against Ohio State and Oregon, both ranked in the top 20 in the nation.

And if the Gators can stay free of

the knee injuries that plagued them this year, they should improve even more.

"We had a lot of knee injuries this year," said the 134-pound Monolakis, who counted himself in the tally. He noted that teammate Newsome was slowed down this year by a twisted knee, and though he reached the nationals Newsome wasn't as effective as he was last year during his all-American freshman season.

Abraham hopes his wrestlers gain the same devotion for the sport as he has.

"I've talked to them about the intrinsic value of wrestling," he said. "I teach them to respect and understand wrestling, to see a value or a purpose for it. To me that's what sports are all about."

Gator Notes... The team finished the FWC regular season with an 8-8 record... They lost 31-18 to 20th-ranked Ohio State, and 31-8 to third-ranked Oregon... Sophomore John Monolakis, who wrestles in the 134-pound class, said his main goal now is the 1980 Olympics.

Golfers' ace in hole — depth

by Peter Farricker

The SF State golf team may surprise a lot of people this year. At least that's what coach John Linn thinks.

"At the moment I'm very pleased. We could even win the Far Western Conference (FWC)," Linn said.

For the first time in Linn's three years as coach the team finally has some depth.

"This is the best team in the last three years. Previously we've had good golfers in the first four positions but have had to scramble for the others, (the four remaining positions).

"Length and depth in a team is what counts," he said.

Only five players at a time compete in FWC matches, as opposed to six in non-conference play. For once, SF State is solid in those five positions with competent golfers in the supporting positions as well.

Arnold Hawkins, a freshman, earned medalist honors (low score) with a 76 against Stanford and St. Mary's, a match in which the Gators as a team placed third.

Other team members are senior Jim McGilley, Mark Schlosser, Randy Gill and Jeff Brown. Along with Hawkins, these are the top five players, but there is tough competition for the remaining slots.

"We'll wind up with eight players so that between work and exams, we can always field a competitive team," Linn said.

The toughest problem facing the Gators, outside of sand traps, is finding a place to practice. SF State does not have a home course to call its own.

Because of this, Linn has had to establish a relationship with various clubs in the area — Harding, SF Country Club and Lake Merced — to procure practice areas and places to play a home match. This year the Gators have only four out of 14 in San Francisco.

Another problem has been the rain. "When you get a rainy February, you can't see what talent you have so you don't know the ladder (the positioning) of the players according to ability," said Linn.

"We've had to reschedule matches

and have had a few practices canceled," he said.

As golf coach, Linn handles the scheduling, the paper work, reserves rooms in hotels and sets up practices.

"Basically I'm a glorified babysitter," he said, laughing. "I help with technique but that's pretty much it. Golf's the only sport I know of where once the match starts the coach just sits and waits. If the coach interferes it's a penalty."

Linn emphasizes that the key to a sound golf game is consistency around the putting green.

"You drive for show and putt for dough," he said. "The money game is around the green."

Underdog cagers face the West's best

by Ann Miller

SF State's women's basketball team goes against the west's best teams beginning tonight in the Western Regionals at Santa Barbara. Their first game, against the top-seeded "Running Rebels" of Nevada-Las Vegas (23-2), begins at 8:15 p.m.

Women's basketball is not broken up into divisions as men's is; a women's team with scholarship players may thus play a non-scholarship team. The Gators will be the only team competing in the regionals that does not give athletic scholarships. Of the eight schools to play at Santa Barbara, SF State is seeded last. UNLV's 92-50 win over the Gators in December helped to justify both teams' rankings.

Defending national champion UCLA is seeded second behind the Rebels. San Jose State, Cal-Poly Pomona, Long Beach State, Southern California and Stanford claimed the final spots in the tournament, which is composed of the top eight teams in Nevada, California and Hawaii.

The Gators went into all their non-league games against scholarship schools during the season as underdogs. In the regionals that position will

be magnified and the Gator players are enjoying every minute of it. The realization that a loss is expected has become their main strength.

"We're expected to lose," Kim Rickman said last week. "That takes all the pressure off us."

"When has SF State played against any scholarship team and been favored?" Gator Patty Harmon asked. "Berkeley underestimated us when we beat them, at least until halftime, and by then it was too late."

Senior Dianna Grayer played in the regionals two years ago when the Gators pulled an upset in their first game and placed fourth. That experience gives her more confidence this time around.

"We just have to go down to Santa Barbara and pull an upset victory," Grayer said, looking at Harmon for assurance.

"I'm relaxed now that we've made the regionals," Harmon agreed. "If we were to lose there it wouldn't bother me as much as if we'd lost our conference. I'm ready to accept what happens. I just want to play good, respectfully."

Rickman's fears also deal with respectability as she recalls playing

against UCLA last year.

"We're playing against all the powerhouse teams," she said quietly. "I don't like getting killed. I remember how I felt last year after UCLA beat us so badly (109-40). I hated it. But if we play any team up to our potential we won't be blown out."

"It's hard to say how we'll do," coach Gooch Foster said, pausing for a moment. "We haven't played near our potential yet. Our win over Cal was the closest we've come, but we're capable of more."

"If we can play like we did two years ago and finish in the top four, I'd be very pleased."

Gator Notes... The Regionals is a single elimination tournament... The winner at Santa Barbara goes to Stanford for one of the four satellite tournaments across the country. The second-place team goes to the Eastern Satellite Tourney. Then the four satellite winners meet for the national title... A Gator win tonight earns them a semi final game Friday against the winner of the Long Beach-Pomona game... Dianna Grayer was named co-MVP of the Golden State Conference for the second straight year.

Advantage SF State

by Ames Vincent

The men's varsity tennis team is more diverse this year than ever before — ethnically speaking.

Each member of the eight-man squad can trace his ancestry to a different country.

On a recent road trip, Gator coach Dave Irwin and the team got to talking about the many ethnic groups represented by the relatively small squad and discovered each of the players has a different lineage.

Steve Dean, the top player on the team, is of Guamanian-American ancestry. Number two player Tommy Shea can trace his roots to Hong Kong. Eric Warm, third, is an Anglo, and fourth-ranked Al Barraza is from Chile. Louis Maunupau said he is of Hawaiian/Samoan background, and he holds the fifth position on the team. Robin Tan is the number six player, a native of Singapore. Japan is represented by Eiichi Bland, playing in the seventh spot. And rounding out the Gator ladder is number eight player Elmer Reyes, of Filipino origin.

Warm is the only senior on the squad. He transferred to SF State from Chico State, which no longer has a tennis team. Despite his personal record of 0-8 so far this season, Warm maintains a lot of confidence in himself and the entire Gator squad.

"We have a lot of depth and versa-

tility, and within the space of a couple more matches we will become cohesive as a team," said the sandy-haired Warm.

Dean, however, didn't view the team's chances as hopeful.

"The team is weak for a university," Dean claimed.

Freshman Maunupau is the fastest server on the squad and the team leader in aces.

"I've had my serve clocked at 138 mph, unofficially at 145," said Maunupau. He added that pro Roscoe Tanner's serve, known as one of the best in the game, is only slightly faster at 148 mph.

"I rely a lot on my serve when I'm playing, so when I'm not serving well I usually lose," Maunupau said.

"I don't really have the 'kill' attitude when I'm playing tennis." The big freshman also plays varsity football at SF State. "In team sports I do something, because it's not just me against another guy. I play harder because I don't want to let the team down," said Maunupau.

Irwin jokingly described the talkative Maunupau as a "forcing, aggressive type of tennis player, without the ability."

In his fifth year as SF State's tennis coach, Irwin said he was pleased with the attitude of this year's team, but added there probably wouldn't be any

big surprises.

"We should end up with an about-even season. The teams that should beat us will, and the teams we should beat, we will," Irwin said. The team's record is now 3-4.

Gator Notes... The Gators will host St. Mary's Thursday at 2:30 p.m. ... There are 12 remaining matches this season for the team, five to be played at SF State.

Pro soccer at Cox Stadium

The North American Soccer League's (NASL) Oakland franchise will be using SF State's Cox Stadium for their stomping grounds this Saturday in a benefit contest.

The Oakland squad will be playing a selected college all-star team starting at 2 p.m.

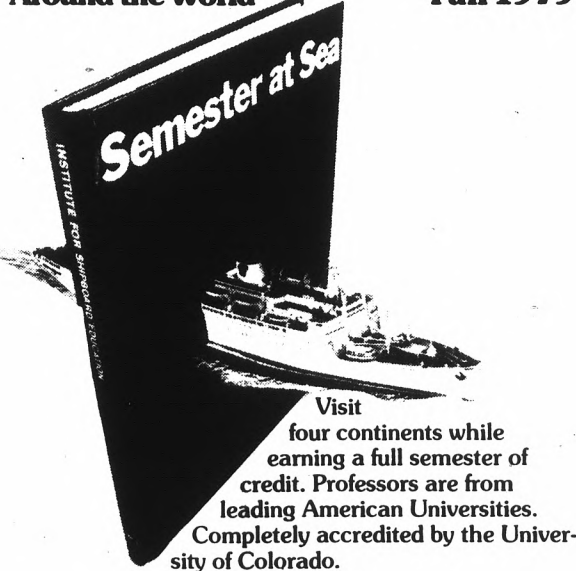
The game is the premier event of a fund raising effort for the International Youth Soccer Confederation (IYSC).

There will be a preliminary match between the Mexican Youth all-star team and the Daly City Bobcats at 11:30 a.m.

Admission to the game is \$2 for children under 12, \$3 for students with I.D. and \$5 for adults.

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ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

Jim Baugher
6'2 Jr. (Baseball)

The lefthanded pitcher from Salinas continued his outstanding hurling last weekend at U.C. Santa Barbara. He fired a five-hitter and struck out two in a 5-1 Gator win. The win was Baugher's fifth without a loss and his ERA is now a microscopic 0.46.

The Gators are home this Saturday in a doubleheader against U.C. Davis commencing at noon.

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Giants baseball: art or business?

Curtis throws a change-up during winter

by Benny Evangelista Jr.

Athletes tend to be judged solely by their statistics, a cold fact of life in the sports world. San Francisco Giants pitcher John Curtis does not want to be known for his won-loss record, but rather for his contribution to the "art of baseball."

Last month, Curtis finished a 13-week stint as a sports columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*. The stint revealed another need he has: to write; to be a journalist in an era when other athletes find wealth and happiness in sports-casting.

He has the unique perspective of an athlete, enabling him to write about sports from angles not usually seen by other sportswriters.

"A sport is an art form," Curtis said. "It's the eternal challenge to the performer to create, for the public, how you feel about your surroundings, your environment, your life; to translate ideas into physical reality."

He takes this attitude to the mound.

"A pitcher gets his signal from the catcher, then he gets a picture in his head of what the pitch will do," he said.

Not all of Curtis' pitches, however, have always matched that picture. He has had only an average career as a major league starter and reliever, and has spent much of his three years with the Giants in the bullpen.

But he wants to achieve, through writing, some degree of



John Curtis entered this year's spring training camp more than just a baseball pitcher.

Editorial Editor Bill Flynn, who proposed that Curtis write a story for his opinion-editorial page.

The article, titled "Autographs," ran in late August and stirred some interest at the *Examiner*.

After the Giants' season ended, through a "chain of events" which included clearance from the National Guild of Newspapers, Curtis was given a 13-week job as a sports columnist.

He called it a rewarding learning experience. "Writing for a newspaper fills the need for discipline in writing, and that's why it appeals to me," he said.

"It's the fire that is needed to forge a good writer."

Curtis also gained some favorable reaction from the *Examiner* sports desk.

"I think he learned a lot about himself," said *Examiner* Sports Editor Charlie Cooper. "He's a good writer and seemed to get better as he went along."

Cooper said the *Examiner* was "toying" with the idea of having Curtis write a diary of the Giants' upcoming season.

Curtis has been referred to as the man teammates seek out when they need advice off the field. Although he laughs at the label, that "team guru" image might be helpful when it comes to writing more articles.

The well groomed beard he grew during the off season frames his face and deep-set eyes in a manner that makes him look the part of a man fresh off the mountain of wisdom — like Charlton Heston leading the people.

"I just enjoy talking and helping," he said. "It could be an emotional deficiency that makes me want to write."

"I find it's too easy for me to step back from a situation and not feel anything," he said. Through talking, and then by writing, he is better able to "step into someone else's shoes and feel how they feel."

And then his desire to write also goes back to his desire for immortality, to exist not just as a baseball pitcher but as a part of humanity.

In his "Autographs" story for the *Examiner*, he meets a boy who knew Curtis was number 22 for the Red Sox, that he was a starter in Boston and St. Louis but primarily a reliever for the Giants and that Curtis won 11 games in 1972.

At the end of the article, after the boy had obtained his autograph, Curtis wrote, "I lowered my head, trying not to think of myself as some arbitrary uniform number, or as a lifeless television image, or an impersonal piece of newspaper copy, or as a valuable baseball card in the valueless world of a child."

"I felt there was more to me, but the autograph collector could not have known that baseball was only my living, not my life."

Giant owner refuses to be lured away

by Katie Seger

Bob Lurie's responsibilities as a baseball team owner are not overwhelming, but they're giant in comparison to his real estate business.

The San Francisco Giants' owner estimates 70 percent of his work time is spent on baseball while the remaining 30 percent is sandwiched in to accommodate his extensive real estate business.

"One of the big surprises I found when I bought the Giants was the amount of detail involved in running the team," he explained.

Trade negotiations, hiring a new radio announcer and arranging for uniform laundry service were among the tasks he mentioned.

A native San Franciscan and a long-time baseball fan, Lurie served on the Giants' board of directors for 15 years. He faced a "baptism of fire" when he bought the Giants in 1976 and saved the team from a move to Toronto.

The ballplayers were on strike. When games began, city workers were on strike, and the season ended with the first free-agent draft.

"My timing was perfect to get into baseball," he said, joking.

After three years to turn things around, Lurie is proud of the Giant's standing and 1,740,000 record attendance last year, up a million from the previous season.

This three-year success story didn't come from a Hollywood script. Lurie had to work for his gains.

He studied the Cincinnati Red and Los Angeles Dodgers organizations to help improve his club.

While teams are competitive on the field, Lurie found

'The manager...takes the responsibility — or the blame'

baseball managements to be very cooperative in the office. He singled out Dick Wagner of the Reds, who spent an afternoon showing him the Cincinnati organization during Lurie's first year.

"All of us want to improve the game and we are constantly exchanging information on things like ticket sales and promotion strategies," Lurie said.

Public relations and advertising take up much of his average 10 to 12-hour work day, but demands on his time come from all parts of the business.

Lurie admitted security is still a problem at Candlestick. The Giants spent between \$90,000 and \$100,000 on security last season, and Lurie said trouble was kept to a minimum. Most crimes, however, occur in the parking lots, which are owned and leased out by the city.

Decisions as common as parking security or as sensitive



If he can't make it in person, SF Giants' owner Bob Lurie calls Candlestick Park four to five times daily.

as a seven-player trade are made from Lurie's 51st-floor office in the Bank of America building on California Street.

A large desk clutters the room and Giants' photos and plaques line the walls. A view of the bay that postcard photographers dream of, highlights the background.

"When I want to get work done, I don't look up," Lurie said.

While secure in his business management, Lurie admitted his limitations.

"I don't know if I ever will be able to judge baseball talent. It has always been my feeling that the manager makes out the lineup and takes the responsibility — or the blame — for the team's effort."

He credits Giants' manager Joe Altobelli with much of the team's success and spirit last season.

"Joe and H. B. ('Spec') Richardson (Giants general manager) and I will discuss changes and problems but both of them have had a lot more practical baseball experience than I," Lurie said there have been few disagreements among them.

Lurie recently faced criticism from fans during the trade negotiations for Rod Carew. In talks with the Minnesota Twins, Giant Mike Ivie was offered as part of the deal. "A lot of Mike's fans let me know they did not approve," Lurie said. He took time to personally answer each letter.

Lurie is concerned with the delay in replacing Candlestick's artificial turf with grass.

"If it's not ready by April, there are serious problems — like forfeiting baseball games — which I am not going to do. We will play games at Cal, Stanford, Santa Clara, anywhere," he said.

Only time will tell this season's outcome, but Bob Lurie has no plans of striking out, this year or in the future.

'Sports offers one element of the American dream'

"immortality" he probably will not attain through his baseball career.

Curtis has already left a modest legacy to the world. He has written in past off seasons as a sportswriter for the *Spartanburg Herald Journal* and a defunct St. Louis paper called *Sports Line*.

Last year he wrote two extensive articles for the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce publication, *San Francisco Business*, to gain local business support for the Giants.

As a sports columnist for the *Examiner*, Curtis wrote essays on former teammate Jim Barr becoming a free agent, his own feelings about the trade the Giants almost made for Rod Carew and other personal experiences in sports.

His writing has a unique voice; that of an athlete relating sports to life, without the life or death value fans sometimes attach to sports.

One column was a conversation between Curtis and a commuter on a bus to San Francisco. The commuter was an average businessman who was a sports freak.

Curtis said the man was fictitious, but the conversation was a blend of many he has had with fans.

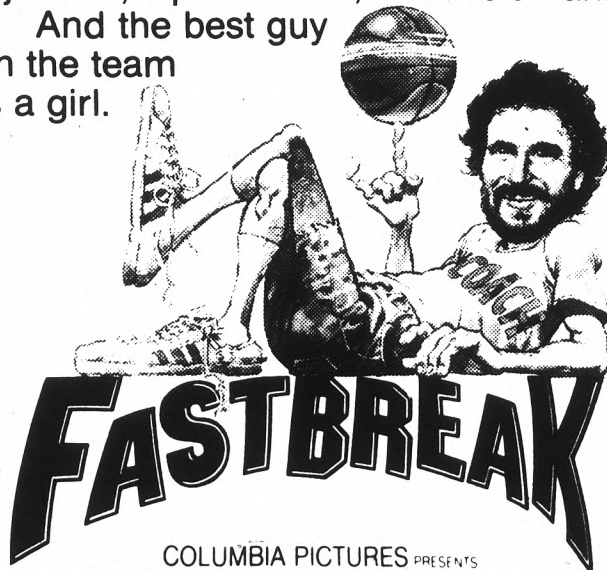
"It was just a vehicle to make a point that had to be made," he said. "Sports offers one element of the American dream, the 'Rocky' syndrome."

The column talked about the faith the commuter had in sports, where he found an absolute conclusion to every issue and a way to reach the plateaus not to be found in his 9-to-5 desk job.

Curtis made it to the *Examiner* after talking to staff writer Jim Vasco about his desire to write. Vasco talked to

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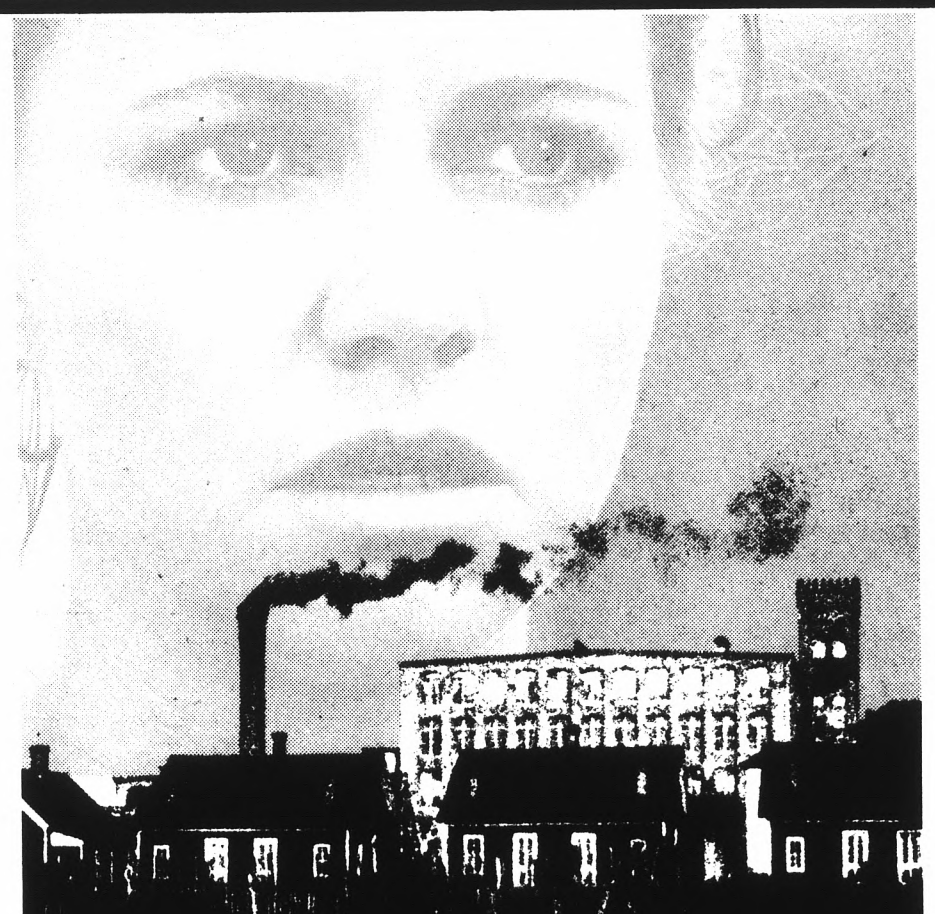
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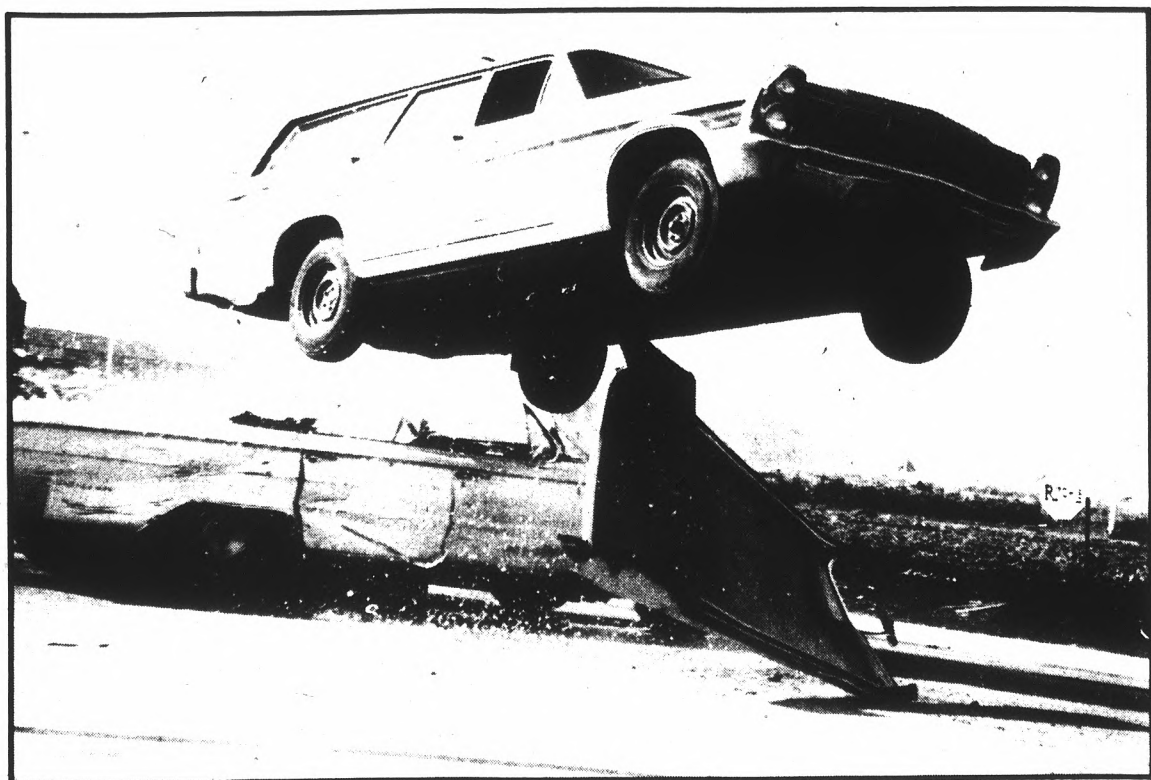
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backwards



Chaos for hire

by Bill Snyder

"I looked down five stories and that 12-square-foot air bag looked like a small, flat piece of plastic. I said to myself, 'if I don't jump after I count to three I'm a chicken.'"

Pat Donahue jumped.

He fell 50 feet, twisted in mid-air and landed safely — high on his back, legs drawn up, and in the center of the bag.

Donahue started doing stunts six years ago after reading a magazine article about the high salaries stunt men made during the filming of "Little Fauss and Big Halsey."

He read how much the movie's motorcycle racers were paid to fall off their bikes, and said to himself, "I've done that for years and haven't been getting paid for it. That's what I want to be — a stunt man."

But the Stunt Man's Association in Hollywood wouldn't give him the time of day, Donahue said, so he decided to make his own movies involving stunts. And he decided to form his own stunt team.

Donahue said neither he nor his freelance stunt team, Stunts Nor-Cal, have ever backed down on a stunt. But he admits to sleepless nights and a nervous stomach before a high fall.

At 37, he is small but has the bouncy kind of muscularity that is developed off the karate floor. His unkempt mustache and long hair contrast oddly with the Marine Corps tattoo on his bicep.

Donahue is coordinator of the four-man team which includes his brother Mike, Larry Jackson and Tommy Goforth.

All are former stock-car or motorcycle racers. Jackson and Goforth were frequent contenders in "Demolition Derby" — a grown-up version of bumper cars played with real automobiles. Donahue bears a long twisting scar on the side of his nose, a souvenir of the four years he and Mike raced motorcycles.

"Racing gave us a feel for speed and danger," Pat said. "We all know what it's like to go fast, to crash and to fall."

The team has logged fewer spills stunting than racing. He credits the absence of broken bones to carefully planned stunts and routine safety measures. Drivers always use seat belts and shoulder harnesses and remove anything inside a car that could fly off in a crash, such as a sun visor or an ash tray.

"If you've got experienced people doing a stunt, it's safer than it looks. We've never really had any accidents, but we've had a lot of real close calls in the two years we've been together," said Donahue.

"Car stunts are something like ballet. You pretty much choreograph what you want and run through it slowly before you go for it."

Rolling or jumping cars at high speeds is basically a matter of timing and trick photography. The stunt driver takes the car up a ramp at a predetermined speed and angle. If one side's wheels go up the ramp the car will roll over. If it goes up squarely, the car will jump. If the angle is wrong the car will behave in unexpected ways, as Donahue found out when they filmed a Toyota commercial last year.

"We hit the ramp wrong by a few inches," said Donahue, "but that was enough to flip over a

brand-new \$4,000 car and do \$3,000 worth of damage."

Using a telephoto lens, a camera crew can compress the distance between objects, making a wide miss look like a close call.

Although Donahue dropped out of high school, he talked his way into DeAnza College, where he studied creative writing and filmmaking.

We sat in his living room and watched "Passion Procession," a film he made in 1976. Donahue's promotional material describes it as "the first car-chase porn movie" and gives this synopsis of the "plot":

"The film focuses on a funeral procession that involves five lovely ladies and their former lover, Larry, whom they believe is dead. But a low rider named Klutz, distracted by the constant (attention) he gets from his girl as he drives, crashes into the procession and proves Larry faked his death. The five women are (angry) and use their cars to wildly chase after Larry, who now drives the hearse that carried his coffin."

Grainy 16-millimeter sex is interspersed with scenes of old cars colliding and careening wildly through the back streets of Santa Clara.

Why make a film combining pornography with auto wrecks and chase scenes?

"I was trying to put together an action film, but I couldn't scrape up enough money to do it. An X-rated film could make some money and show my talents as an action director at the same time," said Donahue.

"An X-rated film is cheaper to shoot because so much screen time is taken up with sex. You just throw a couple of people in the corner and let them go at it."

Twenty-two minutes of car stunts took three weeks to film. Fifty minutes of porn was filmed in two days.

Donahue seemed embarrassed by his role as a sleazy movie maker and said several times he really wants to make action films.

He mortgaged his Santa Clara home and borrowed heavily to finance the \$37,000 movie. He realized afterwards it might have been a mistake to combine the two genres.

"I think I should have used the money I spent on the sex to buy better cars," he said. "People who want sex don't care about cars, and car freaks want to see car wrecks, not sex."

Donahue runs Stunts Nor-Cal from a small, neat office in his garage, which might be suitable for an insurance salesman. He speaks nonchalantly about his stunt work, as if it were any other business.

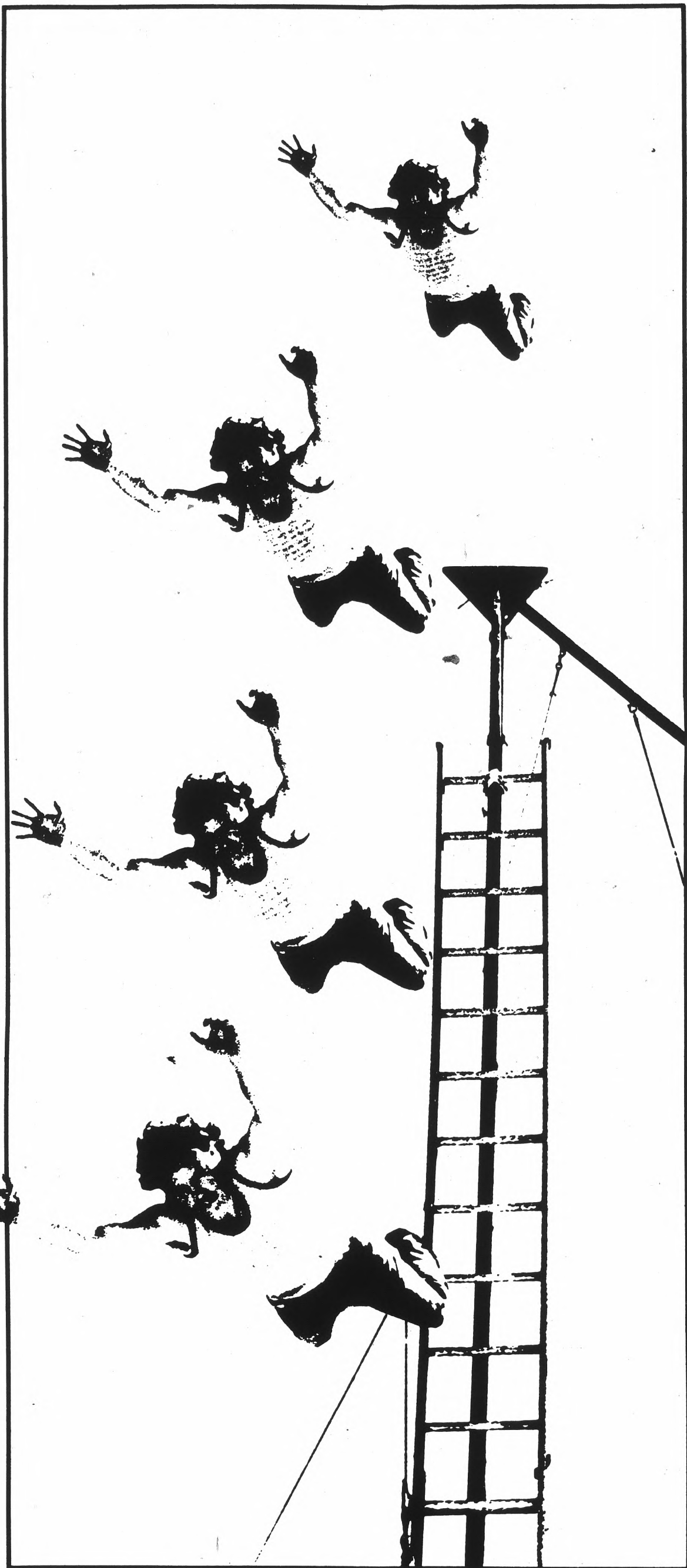
But this seems like a man who has found an outlet for some very off-beat dreams. On weekends, when there isn't much happening, he and his buddies buy some old clunkers from a wrecking yard and smash them up.

Just to keep in practice.

He has fantasies of getting \$15 million and making the world's greatest action film — burning huge skyscrapers, wrecking limousines, crashing planes and blowing up whole towns.

For the moment, though, Donahue and company have to content themselves with the low-budget action movies and occasional commercial that have kept them alive.

To succeed as a stunt man you must join the Screen Actors Guild. But the guild, like some other



craft unions, has a Catch-22 membership policy. You can't join unless you have a job with a unionized employer, but you generally can't get a job unless you carry a union card.

Last year Donahue spent six months in Los Angeles trying to break into the business.

"The first week I was there," he said, I got two stunts to do, and then nothing for five months and three weeks. It was kind of discouraging."

Even in L.A., where the bulk of television shows and movies are shot, there are, according to Donahue, only 12 stunt people working steadily. Northern California offers much less work, so for the moment the stunt men of Nor-Cal will work in factories during the week and smash 'em up on the weekend.

"We like to wreck things," Donahue said, "and I think people like to watch us do it."



STUNTS NOR-CAL PROTESTS RISING GAS PRICES — Pat Donahue and his boys prove there is more to a stunt man's life than idle displays of bravado. Here they are shown in a symbolic protest of mankind's dependence on gasoline and its friend, the automobile.

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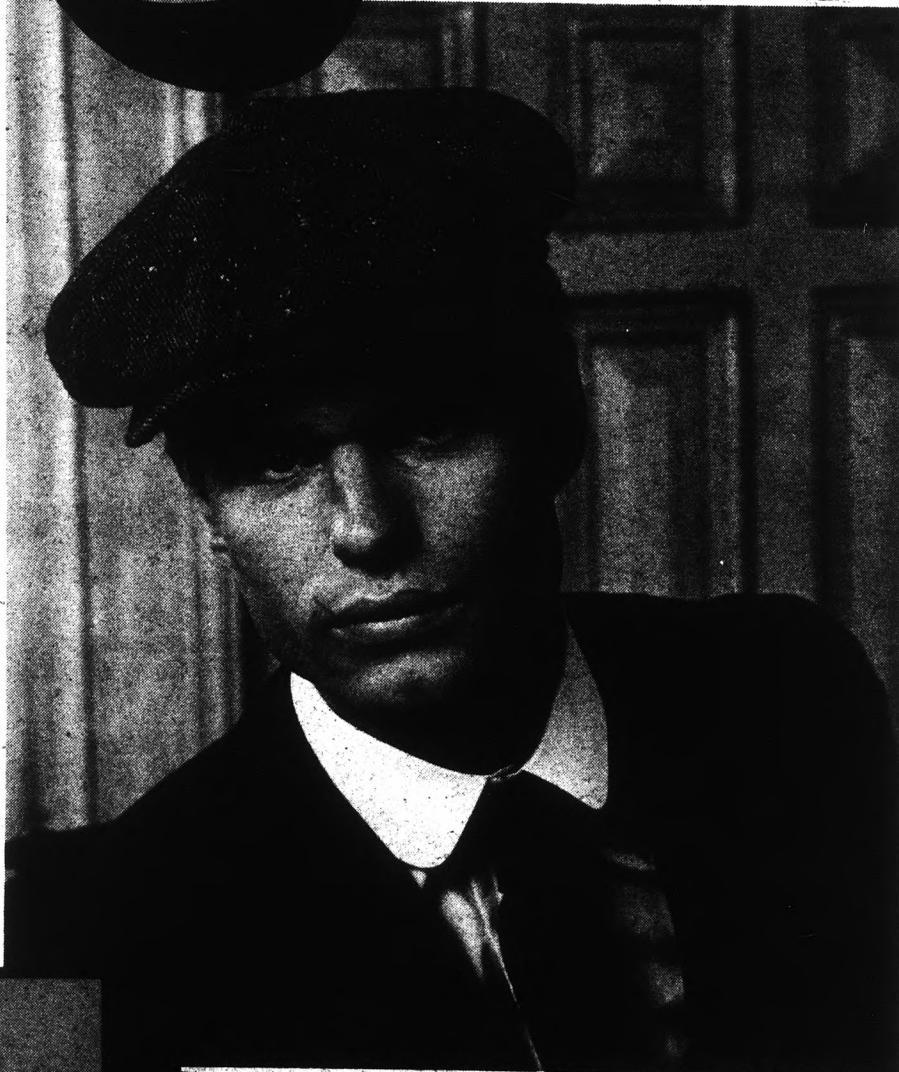
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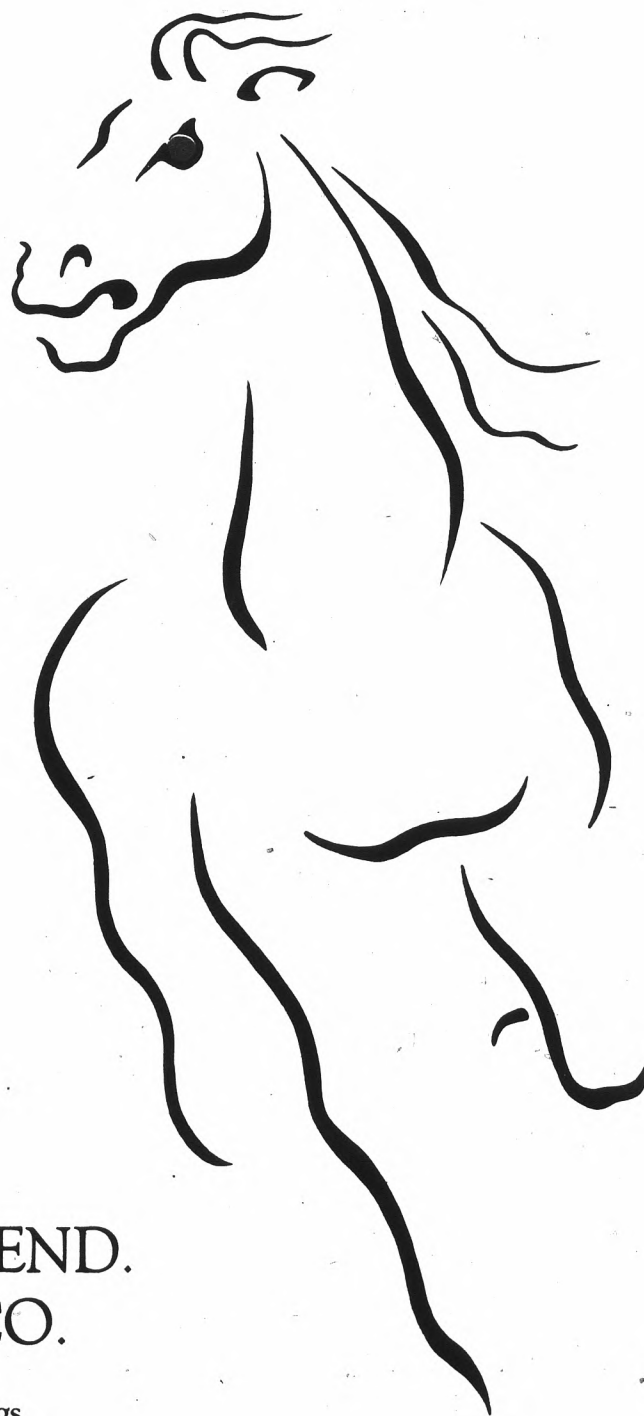
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New Contributors

MERRY E ATKINSON (On Screen) lives in Knoxville, Tennessee and is not related to Terry Atkinson.

S. ARTHUR BELL (In Print) is a 26-year-old Californian now working as a college librarian in Oregon. He says he lives with a degenerate dwarf.

CLARKE OWENS (On Tour), operates a machine in San Francisco (he refused to say more) and is one of 40,000 residents of Daly City.

PETER SISTROM (On Disc) rents a purple '66 Volvo, covers music in Portland, Oregon for *Willamette Week*, and is a former editor of the *Harvard Crimson*.

MANFRED WOLF (In Print) teaches English at San Francisco State; "despite long years of service," he writes, "I still think of myself as a promising young critic."

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IN ONE EAR...

Questions

I am writing in regards for all the uniformed [sic] Grand Funk Railroad fans of America. As we all know, Grand Funk Railroad was one of America's premier rock groups of the late Sixties and Seventies. Several of their songs ("American Band," "Closer to Home," "Loco-motion") have become classics of rock and roll music. After their last rather "unheard-of" album, *Good Singin' Good Playin'*, Grand Funk seemed to disappear. Have Mel, Don, Mark and Craig broken up? Are they still recording? Have they made any new records in the last three years? Please put our hearts at ease with some information regarding Grand Funk Railroad. The old discs are getting deeper grooves.

VALOR S. DODD
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, EL PASO

Former Funkers Don Brewer (drums), Mel Schacher (bass), Craig Frost (keyboards) plus three other musicians, formed a group called Flint and issued one album, *Flint*, on Columbia last September; their next is due in April or May. Mark Farner made two solo albums for Atlantic, the last of which, *No Frills*, also came out last September. He's now "considering several labels" while spending time in his Michigan studio.

I have enjoyed receiving *Ampersand* in the student newspaper at U.T. Arlington (Arlington, Texas). Your September issue inspired me to read the *Illuminati* trilogy and to buy Tom Waits' *Blue Valentine*.

However, I am now living about 400 miles from U.T.A., which is distressing because I'm going to miss reading *Ampersand*. Please help. Do you send copies to individuals? How much? Do Texas Tech (Lubbock, Texas) or Wayland Baptist (Plainview) receive *Ampersand*?

RICHARD L. WARD
PLAINVIEW, TX

Texas Tech is an *Ampersand* campus, but Wayland Baptist has not yet seen the light. You can subscribe to *Ampersand* for one year (nine issues) of enjoyment. Just send \$5.00 (check or money order) to *Ampersand* Subscriptions, 1680 N. Vine Street, #201, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Knocks

I have never before read anything quite so ridiculous as Davin Seay's review of the Grateful Dead in your January issue. He makes one valid point out of many attempts and that is that *Shakedown Street* is an abysmal album. Allow me a few moments to rip his article to shreds before your very eyes. The Grateful Dead are not "America's oldest dinosaur band." If by this he means that they have been around a long time, he is right, but there are other bands that have been around just as long or longer and are threatened with extinction in a way the Dead will never know (witness Quicksilver, Jefferson Starship). Seay cites "flaws" that have plagued the Dead in the past—"ragged vocals, endless guitar doodling and catch-as-catch-can arrangements." First, the Dead's arrangements have always been top-notch. I advise Mr. Seay to listen to "Anthem of the Sun" or "Wake of the Flood." Endless guitar doodling is merely a put-down for extended

jams, which have for years been the Grateful Dead's forte. The jams resemble jazz at times and, at others, resemble the trance-avant-garde music of John Cage or Steve Reich. As for ragged vocals, *Shakedown Street* qualifies, but in the past the Dead have managed quite well. It's possible to claim that Ron McKernan, the legendary Pig Pen, was a ragged vocalist, but then so was Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Louis Armstrong. Seay mentions that producer Olsen kept songs under eight minutes duration (as if that were a good thing! Let's ask Miles Davis what he thinks...) and kept off-key struggles to a minimum. I can't remember when the Dead were ever off-key... A bit off-beat maybe, but off-key? Never.

Seay's evaluation of *Shakedown Street* is fairly accurate, although the conclusions he draws are absurd. To say that the Grateful Dead have run out of steam is the most ridiculous thing. Obviously he hasn't seen a Dead concert in years. They've been around a long time and they know how to do what they did ten years ago a helluva lot better now than they did then. Their live version of "Good Lovin'" has become a Grateful Dead standard, an audience favorite, and makes the Rascals look sterile. The biggest problem facing *Shakedown Street* that Seay doesn't even attempt to tackle (and one assumes that he implicitly condones it) is that it represents the second album of the Dead's "Sell out and Make Money for a Change" period. You can't fault the Dead for wanting to make money. They've been bankrupt plenty of times. Their later work (*Blues for Allah*, *Wake of the Flood*) showed the group moving in a jazz-oriented direction.

Meanwhile, we have to put up with Davin Seay and his sort making unkind remarks about one of the best-loved rock and roll bands in the history of the genre. As you've heard many times before, there ain't nothin' like a Dead concert.

EVAN CANTOR
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

We stand by Davin Seay's review... but our exaggerated sense of fair play constrains us to note that Hofstra University recently cancelled a Grateful Dead concert because the group is too popular; too many thousands of people show up for the events, with or without tickets, and present a large security problem.

Mark Bacich's review of *On Moral Fiction* is probably pretty fair as far as the book itself is concerned, but that assessment of Gardner's novels is bizarre. The part about them lacking "humor, joy and language, sculptured or not" might pass as a matter of opinion, though I'd like to see him substantiate it. But when I read how Gardner uses a "pseudo-realistic style of the 1940's" I start getting strange suspicions...

Does he know there are two totally different novelists called John Gardner? Is he sure he's been reading the right one?

JUST CURIOUS
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

Kudos

The hysteria and folly of Karen Stephens' complaint against [Judith Sims'] review of

The Wiz should go without saying, but I'm afraid I have never had the self-control to forego commenting on even the most overt imbecility.

I too have a certain amount of theatrical and journalistic experience (enough, I hope, to make me more than an "enthusiast"), and I have become familiar with the kind of lament typified by Ms. Stephens' letter. The general line seems to be, "If you were honest, fair-minded, objective and unbiased, you would agree with me." To this dreary old song Ms. Stephens has added a new verse: "If you weren't a vicious, racist biggot..." To her, the only grounds a person could have for disliking *The Wiz* is an aversion to giving black actors and dancers jobs. My contempt for Ms. Stephens' narrow-mindedness is absolute.

However, I must thank her for one thing: when she urged Judith Sims, in future reviews, to "keep her personal likes and dislikes to herself," she handed me the best laugh I've had in weeks.

JIM LANE
LONG BEACH, CA

Write to Us

Many of you have been writing to your local school papers telling them what a swell publication *Ampersand* is. Don't tell them, tell us! Send epistles to *In One Ear*, c/o *Ampersand*, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Los Angeles, CA 90028. We need all the affection we can get, but we're also grateful for comments, jokes and nasty cracks.

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OUR COVER

Christopher Walken, who plays Nick in *The Deer Hunter*, a portrayal and a film to treasure.

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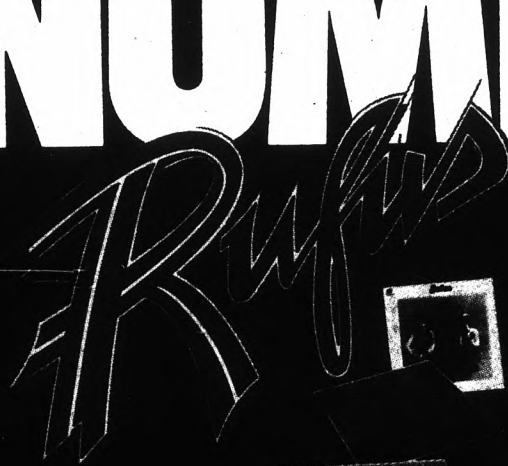
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STRENGTH IN NUMBERS



Rufus

Strong, A. (1979) H. (1979) M. (1979) N. (1979) O. (1979) P. (1979) Q. (1979) R. (1979) S. (1979) T. (1979) U. (1979) V. (1979) W. (1979) X. (1979) Y. (1979) Z. (1979)

& OUT THE OTHER

Only the B. Ginning

READERS MAY BE familiar with Danny Seraphine, drummer with a pop monolith named Chicago that owns twelve platinum albums. But these names may be less familiar: Harry "The Hook" Aleman, William "Butch" Petrocchi, James "Turk" Torello and Joey "The Clown" Lombardo. In a copyrighted story *Wall Street Journal* reporter Jim Drinkhall said a lengthy study by the U.S. Attorney's office in the city of Chicago linked Seraphine with these and other Mafia functionaries. Also linked was Chicago's new manager, Jeff Wald, manager of Sylvester Stallone, husband and manager of Helen Reddy and one of California Governor Jerry Brown's record industry friends.

The Seraphine-Mob connection came to light during a larger investigation of organized crime and the music industry, focusing on hidden ownership by mobsters, skimming of profits and laundering of illegally earned money. According to police, Seraphine owns most of a Chicago nightclub called B. Ginnings, which is managed by Peter Schivarelli, an ex-Notre Dame football player and close associate of top Mafia figures. When James William Guercio, the manager and producer who coached Chicago from obscurity to profits beyond \$350 million, learned that Seraphine and Schivarelli were meeting with Tony Spilotro, chief of the Chicago Mafia's Las Vegas branch, he reportedly hired around-the-clock armed bodyguards. In December of 1977 Chicago fired Guercio, claiming artistic differences. Wald had met twice with Schivarelli earlier in the same year.

Wald responded to Drinkhall's story by claiming Seraphine knew nothing of Schivarelli's alleged mob connections—in spite of their longstanding friendship. None of Chicago would comment.

No Sense of Humor

FLEETWOOD MAC SINGER Stevie Nicks has, according to 20th Century-Fox (which should know, it's their money), agreed to star in and write music for a film based on "Rhianon," although Nicks later expressed little or no knowledge of the deal. Nor was Stevie cheered by the Rotters, a young Los Angeles band, and their single entitled "Sit on My Face, Stevie Nicks." Tower Records on Sunset Strip sold their initial order of twenty-five copies under the counter. Faced with the wrath of Big Mac, they probably won't re-order.

LINDA RONSTADT WAS likewise unamused when *People* magazine recently ran her unflattering high school picture. Some observers considered the photo a hoax, citing its resemblance to a '53 DeSoto in a peroxide wig.

Watch Out

SOMETIME IN MARCH or April ABC will broadcast *The T.V. Show*, starring Rob Reiner, Martin Mull, Harry Shearer, Billy Crystal and others, in which Reiner plays a Certified Public Accountant, Adolf Hitler, Wolfman Jack and Georgie Jessel; Shearer is a preacher with a lisp, a rock bass player, a sleazy teletalk stogie and Tom Snyder; Crystal is Muhammad Ali and Mull does several commercials. Don't miss it.

COLLEGE STUDENTS across the country recently voted for Best Motion Picture, Best Performances by an Actor and Actress, and Best Director; winners of this first "Students' Choice Awards" extravaganza will be honored at a Hollywood award ceremony March 22.

INTERNATIONAL MUSICIAN, one of the largest music trade magazines in Europe, has expanded and is now distributed in the United States and assorted other countries. Their first issue is on the streets now.

This Month's John Travolta Item

NOW THAT TRAVOLTA is out of *American Gigolo* (he quit, said he needs a rest, poor thing) and Richard Gere, for whom it was originally written, is in, Julie Christie is reportedly upset because she turned it down (Lauren Hutton got the role). Christie supposedly rejected *Gigolo* because of the script, but maybe she just didn't want to smooch with Travolta. Could it be possible? Meanwhile, Travolta won't be sued for abandoning *Gigolo* (there was a contract), perhaps because Paramount hopes to lure him into *Saturday Night Fever II*; Travolta has reportedly told associates he won't, absolutely won't, appear in that sequel.

Record Company Roulette

RECORD LABELS HAVE been moving around like marbles in a pinball machine, with most of the marbles ending up at RCA and MCA. Nipper's company just acquired 20th Century Records and will distribute A&M, after previously adding Roadshow, Salsoul, Solar and Free Flight to its label roster. Over at the black tower of Universal City, MCA gobbled up poor old ABC Records, which hasn't posted a profit in years. Parachute left Casablanca for Phonogram. Capitol-EMI now owns UA, retitled Liberty-United. Motown, the last major label still using independent distribution, may hang it up with a rumored CBS distribution deal. Every morning brings more changes, so stay alert.

What's Ol' Bob Been up to Lately?

BOB DYLAN NOW has his own label, Ac-complice, distributed by Columbia, natch. He was supposed to have his own label when he was on Elektra/Asylum, called Ashes and Sand, but that came to ashes and dust. It's now rumored that Dylan's next album, whatever the label, will be produced by the Bee Gees and, bizarrely, that Dylan has been "born again" into fundamentalist Protestant religion. A Bee Gees publicist "couldn't confirm or deny" anything, and a spokesman for Debby Boone, who allegedly witnessed Bob's conversion, said he "couldn't confirm or deny." But Bob has attended services at the Vineyard Fellowship, Boone's church; a spokesperson there refused to say how many times Dylan attended services or whether he'd actually been converted. Perhaps Debby just didn't recognize ol' Bob.

Buffalo Stampede

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM, a film based on the life of Gonzo journalist Hunter

Thompson, takes place over eight years and focuses on a fictionalized version of Thompson's relationship with Oscar Acosta, the "Brown Buffalo." In the film the Acosta character is called Carlos Mendoza, played by Peter Boyle. Although Thompson is Executive Consultant on the film, scriptwriter John Kay (*Car Wash*) says Thompson's involvement probably won't be very active: "He wakes up when we wrap shooting." Kay added that Thompson "likes the script, he wants to see it made." Meanwhile, the gonzo king is holed up in Key West, Florida, writing his own movie. "It's about drugs," Thompson told Kay. At last report Thompson was surrounded by *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner (because his production deal with Paramount will release Thompson's movie), Harriet Spier, *Stone* associate editor (somebody has to worry about deadlines), and Jimmy Buffett probably because he lives there.

Flick Fax

ROBBIE ROBERTSON, whose heartthrob debut in *The Last Waltz* netted him at least three offers to star in movies, will first do so in *Carny*, a modern carnival story. Robertson will also produce. Gary Busey and Jodie Foster are wanted as co-stars... Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones star in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, the story of country singer Loretta Lynn... Willie Nelson, just finishing his first film role in Redford's *Electric Horseman*, will next star in *Honeysuckle Rose*, a love story... Christopher Reeve's followup to *Superman* is *Just One of Those Things*, a spy romance set in the Forties. It was originally titled *The Blue Parrot*, which was the name of Sidney Greenstreet's nightclub in *Casablanca*... Anne Bancroft will reportedly star in and direct a film she wrote for Dom Deluise, although insiders are betting it won't see the light of celluloid. Bet on a *Star Trek* sequel; the first won't be out for months, but it has already been sold to ABC-TV for undisclosed zillions.

Wax Fax

HARRY NILSSON'S first UA album, far from finished, is produced by Steve Cropper, with a rumored guest appearance by old pal Ringo... Gilda Radner will warble for Warner Bros. Records... Albert Lee will join Eric Clapton's band for his next tour... Stephen Bishop's *Animal House* music is so popular Steven Spielberg wants him to write some ditties for *1941*... Lamont Dozier's concert souvenir book, readied for his spring tour, will include some of Lamont's own barbecue recipes... George Harrison has recently become enamored of Formula 1 racing (What else has he got to do? He certainly doesn't waste his time making records). If you need to see a Beatle this year, try Long Beach, California, where George will be checking out the Grand Prix this April... Cheryl Lynn, whose "Got to Be Real" is now cozy in the Top Ten, got her start on the *Gong Show*. Would we lie?

Quotes of the Month

GRAHAM PARKER, who recorded two astonishing rock and roll albums called *Howling Wind* and *Heat Treatment*, recently left Mercury

Records for Arista. Was the split friendly? Parker's new single, "Mercury Poisoning," may be a clue. But Alan Frey, Parker's tough-ass manager, ducked the issue. "Yeah, there's people in New Jersey dying of mercury poisoning all the time," he said in his best drill sergeant lilt. Frey, appropriately enough, works for A.R.S.E. Management in New York City.

STEVE MARTIN laid comedy aside in his backstage tribute to acoustic jazz bandleader David Grisman, following the latter's recent showcase performance at the Westwood Playhouse near UCLA. "I listen to your record more than anything else I own," Martin told Grisman, then vanished down a backstage exit.

LONG AGO of the Monkees, Michael Nesmith has since become a fascinating mogul of left-field and overlooked music. In addition to releases featuring Doug Kershaw, Charles Lloyd and Leo Kottke, Nesmith's Pacific Arts Corp. is pushing "Tan Punks on Boards" by surfing champ Corky Carroll, which the singer describes as "the truth about life in the surf ghetto."

MICHAEL OCHS, producer of the TV special *Heroes of Rock and Roll*, is now working on a book with Lester Bangs. Another history of rock, *Whole Lot of Shaking* will be full of true and false legends and lots of hot pix, since Ochs has stashed every rock photo he's ever seen. "Other rock books have been too studious," says Ochs. "This one will be fun."

Enough of This

EVERYBODY WANTS to confess, and everybody else wants to read the confessions. Joan Crawford, Betty Ford and Lauren Bacall, among others, have been recently presented for our titillation, and next Tyrone Power gets his: in a proposed biography his alleged bisexuality will be held up to public scrutiny.

Bonzo

VIVIAN STANSHALL, the original wild and crazy guy, has surfaced. Legendary for his major role with the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band (first and sublime best of art school musical satire ensembles), Viv kept a lowish profile after the Bonzos' bust-up in 1970. He made assorted solo records, did some memorable radio shows and TV spots, and was narrator on Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*. He even lent his resonant, many-splendored larynx to commercial voice-overs. But England's primo professional eccentric came back in force last fall, when he took to the podium in the guise of Sir Henry Rawlinson, a character first devised in Bonzo days and exhumed periodically thereafter. An aristocrat grotesque, he is already immortalized on the Charisma LP, *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End* (as yet unreleased in the States). Lately, Stanshall's been loitering in Sausalito with his American girlfriend, Longfellow. Soon he will undertake a lecture tour of American colleges, giving Sir Henry the chance to harangue the blasted colonies. As with the Bonzos and Monty Python, his terms of reference are so peculiarly British you may long for a glossary, but you'll laugh even without one.

AMBERSAND'S SUM

*Europe! 3 months! 8 countries! 52 cities!
138 events! 156 museums and monuments!
Untold pleasures!*

BY DAVIN SEAY

First the good news. It's easier than ever before to make the trans-Atlantic jump into the bosom of mother Europe. Airfares, once the bane of budget-minded travelers, have at last become competitive, thanks to recent de-regulation and an Englishman named Freddie Laker (see sidebar on *Getting There*).

Now for the bad. Your basic greenback is worth less than the wood in George Washington's false teeth. The combined efforts of the world's biggest spenders can't seem to effect the dollar's frightful plunge in recent months, and nowhere is the currency's disrepute more evident than in Europe. Official exchange rates are horrendous, American money no longer spells relief to European tourist industries, and God (or Jupiter) only knows what will happen before the season hits its peak this summer.

But a tourist is a tourist, no matter what color his coinage, and good deals are still to be had. In light of the currency situation, *Ampersand* suggests careful planning for your summer trip, based on the following guide and additional research at the tourist board and consulates of the countries you have in mind. The day of the happy wanderer may not be over entirely, but unless you've got German marks to burn, a detailed itinerary is essential to make the most of your time and money. Tours of every description are available (see sidebar on *Staying There*), and often offer good value. Still, packaged tours invariably limit the traveler to what the company thinks is worth seeing and doing, and unless your imagination is on holiday, you can probably come up with a schedule more fitting to your vision of the ultimate European trek.

And that's what these pages are for—planning your itinerary, piquing your interest, showing you events you never dreamed existed, plus all the stuff you've been hearing about for years. If you need information regarding passports, Eurailpasses, Student

Identity Cards, packing a suitcase and wiring home for money, you won't find it here; we suggest you ask a seasoned traveler or call a travel agent (most campuses have student travel services). We do have one simple guideline for packing: put everything you need in one pile, then reduce it by half. Yes, half.

With that in mind the *Ampersand* Summer of '79 Guide to Europe is structured around events set for June, July and August in eight European countries. While by no means exhaustive, the Guide will provide the raw materials for you to map out a journey based on your particular interests. We encourage you to pick a theme, any theme—urban or rural, sacred or profane, highlands or low, and build an itinerary around it. Remember, Europe is a veritable cauldron of history, culture, art and tradition. It's helpful, once there, to know what you're doing. Helpful but, in the final analysis, not absolutely necessary. The key is to enjoy. Like the legend of Europa riding the waves on the back of a white bull, Europe holds visions not soon forgotten.

BRITAIN

With most economy flights, including Laker's ultra-cheap Skytrain, running shuttles to London, the green and pleasant land is a distinctly appropriate starting point. Scheduled events around England, Scotland and Wales this summer include England vs. Pakistan Cricket, Birmingham (6/1-6); National Custard Pie Championship, Maidstone (6/3); motorcycle racing, Isle of Man (6/3-9); Grosvenor House Antique Fair, London (6/14-24); Show-jumping Championship, Cardiff (6/16-18); The Garter Ceremony, Georges Chapel, Windsor (6/19); Lawn Tennis Championship, Wimbledon, London (6/26-7/8); Polo, Cowdrey Park Cup, Midhurst (6/2-16); Cheltenham International Festival of Music (7/7-16); Lakeland Rose Show,

Cark-in-Cartmel (7/15-16); Harlemer Festival of Early Music (7/21-29); Southern Cathedral Festival, Winchester (7/28-29); Cambridge Folk Festival (7/30-31); Billingham International Folk Festival (9/12-19); International Crafts and Hobby Fair, Wembley (9/20-24); Thomas Hardy Festival, Dorchester (9/



20-26); Carlisle Great Fair (9/26-31).

London offers a multitude of diversions for an equal variety of budgets. Shopping for books at Charing Cross Road, clothes on King's Road, or antiques at the Portobello Road flea market elevates souvenir hunting to a fine art, while visits to the Stranger's Gallery at the House of Parliament and the London Dungeon provide a taste of English rhetoric and eccentricity at their extremes. The last of the great clipper ships, the Cutty Sark, and the Gypsy Moth IV are on view at Greenwich, London, while the Chelsea Antiques Fair features some of the

world's outstanding dealers trading off priceless furniture at outrageous prices. Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum highlights the Battle of Trafalgar, replete with cannon fire and flapping canvas, while another London tradition, the English Chamber Orchestra's South Bank Series, offers more sedate thrills. Both Hyde Park and Kensington Park, with its formal gardens and equally formal nannies and prams, are two more London staples, as are the plethora of good Indian restaurants, offering the best in curry this side of the Ganges. Churches of repute include Brompton Oratory, The Norwegian Church, All-Hallows-by-the-Tower Church, and Southwark Cathedral, while those who prefer their religion by the pint will relish visits to such pubs as Bull & Bush, Magpie & Stump, Hoop & Grapes, and the so-posh Underwriter.

Department stores worth the visit alone are Harrod's and Selfridge's, both class establishments catering shamelessly to the Arab trade. Marks & Spencer provides a glimpse of English life at the five-and-dime level. The British Museum is the biggest and best just about anywhere and deserves an entire vacation spent in its labyrinthine galleries. The Tate; the Victoria and Albert, with its costume collection; Museum of London; and the National Maritime Museum are all outstanding. English food, generally awful, is also very cheap, and the infamous Bung Hole on High Holborn Street offers a sampling you'll never forget.

Edinburgh's Scottish allure is best exemplified in St. Giles Cathedral; National Gallery of Scotland; Royal Scottish Museum; Museum of Childhood, with its toys, dolls, and costumes; and the National Museum of Antiquities. A warm city in a cold climate, it is eminently worth the visit. August is the month of the city's Great International Fair.

Britain's tourist industry is one of the most highly developed

anywhere. The British Tourist Board prints reams of material covering just about anything you'd want to do, see or find in Britain, up to and including hot air ballooning; caving; mountain climbing; badminton and squash; canoeing; parachuting; deer stalking; grouse, pheasant and partridge hunting; foxhunting; fishing; bicycling and horseback holidays; banquets (where to find them); hotels and inns with four poster beds; "industrial vacations" with jaunts to textile mills and sewage treatment plants... British reserve disappears in the face of rampant tourism. There's even a Northumbrian Christian Pilgrimage Tour ("participants will receive an illuminated scroll") and a Trace Your Ancestors Vacation available. Ask and ye shall receive.

BELGIUM

Perhaps the most colorless of Western European countries, Belgium's capital, Brussels, is celebrating its 1,000th year as a city in 1979. A look at the scheduled events bears out the town's reputation as the Cleveland of Europe. Included is the International Pigeon Breeding Concourse (6/24), The Cyclo-touristic Concentration of the Belgian League of Velocipedic (6/30), the 1,000 Years of Public Transportation in Brussels exhibit, The Story of Brussels through Postage Stamps exhibit and (still in the planning) 1,000 Years of Fighting Fires in Brussels exhibit. Not far away, the hamlet of Welkenraedt is holding its annual Bloodsausage Fest (6/3), while the Shrimp Festival in Koksijde (6/23), the 4th International



MER OF '79 GUIDE

Clown Festival in Blakenberg (6/25), the Schonberg Frog Races (6/21) and the Festival of the Flying Cat at Verviers (6/21) all compete for tourist attention.

Nevertheless, Belgium should beckon the art lover with an extraordinary series of museums, including the Groeninge and Memling in Bruges (a beautiful, exquisitely preserved town); the Royal Museum of Fine Arts in Antwerp and the Museum of Fine Arts in Ghent. Camping facilities are extensive throughout the country.

THE NETHERLANDS

Holland seems to have more than its share of miniature towns, fairy-tale gardens, zoos, something they call "dolphin stadiums" and other Disney-like attractions which smack of blatant pandering. Fortunately, the country also has a proportionate share of cultural and artistic wealth, stunningly represented in many fine museums as well as some characteristically serene Lowlands scenery.

Summer '79 events include: Sheep Shearing Festival, Epe (6/1-15); Lily Exhibition, Akersloot (6/13); Holland Festival, with chamber music, ballet and theater, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague (6/1-23); Flower Pageant, Rotterdam (6/10); Poetry International, Rotterdam (6/15); World Music Festival, brass bands, concert competitions, Kerkrade (6/23-7/16); Gouda's Ceramist's Festival (6/28); Gouda Hoorn Festival, International Folk Dancing (7/1); Windmill Days, Kinderdijk (7/1-30); Old Limburg Marksman Festival, Schaesberg (7/2); Zwolle Guitar Weeks (7/3-23); Haarlem Organ Month (7/4-23); IBM International Chess Tournament, Amsterdam (7/12-29); North Sea Jazz Festival, the Hague (7/14-16); Bee Market, Veenendaal (7/18); Europe in Space exhibit, Katwijk (8/7); Purmerade, International youth music festival, Purmerend (8/11-20); International Baseball Week, Haarlem (7/12-20); International Vocalists Contests, Den Bosch (7/25).

Amsterdam's parks still sport hippies openly smoking pot, but the relics really worth seeing are housed in the Rijksmuseum, with its collection of Rembrandts; the Rembrandt House; and the Van Gogh Museum. Canal tours reveal some of the city's most luminous architecture, dating from the 17th century.

The Hague's Binnenhof, with its Hall of Knights, the Municipal Museum's Mondriaan collection, and the Bredius Museum's old

masters make this a definite stop on the way to the placid scenes of the Bulb Fields of Utrecht, the Lake District and the River Vecht.

FRANCE

France is huge, bewilderingly diverse, and very expensive, with a well-organized system of tourist exploitation. *Ampersand* strongly suggests that in planning a visit (and you should), examine the options province by province with the help of some excellent booklets provided by the French Tourist Board. They cover every aspect of



France's 87 provinces, including camping, maps, caravanning, restaurants, museums, climate, sights, cities, towns and hamlets, local history and exhaustive yearly schedules of events. Space doesn't permit a listing of the myriad activities throughout France this summer, but we can suggest some provinces worth your attention: Riviera/Côte D'Azur, Midi-Pyrennes, Bourgogne, Limousin, Valle de Loire, Poitou, Aquitaine, Brittany, Franche-Comté, Champagne/Ardenne, Auvergne, Alsace/Lorraine. Each of these offers unique scenic charms, while any comprehensive tour of the country should include visits to the cities of Nice, Toulouse, Dijon, Limoges, Orléans, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Chalon-Sur-Marne and Strasbourg. A complete examination of France's extensive camping facilities is vital to any budget-minded traveler.

Paris is also huge, also very expensive, also essential. Helpful booklets provided by the French Tourist Board include *Paris on a Budget*, listing moderate hotels and restaurants, and *Paris/Ile de France*, an exemplary guide to both the city and the surrounding region.

Just a few of the indispensable sights of Paris are Notre Dame, the hunchback's haunt; the pearl of Gothic art, La Sainte Chapelle; La Palais de Justice; the 11th century university, La Sorbonne; L'Arc de Triomphe; the Eiffel Tower; Hôtel de Invalides, the 17th



century at its most grandiose; the Opera House; the awesome Roman-Byzantine church, Sacré Coeur; La Place des Vosges; Panthéon; the Flower Market and the Bird Market, both brilliant; the catacombs; the sewers; each of 15 gorgeous parks; the Louvre, with masterpieces hung like so much sausage; Museum of Decorative Art, the finest in the world; Musée de L'Orangerie; Musée National Art Moderne; Museum of Music and Musical Instruments; Musée de Cluny; Musée Marmottan; Costume Museum; Museum of Popular Arts and Traditions; Marine Museum; Police Museum; Branly Radio Museum; Balzac Museum; Victor Hugo Museum; Gustave Moreau Museum; Eugene Delacroix Museum... the mind can only absorb so much! So much art, so much history, so much sheer beauty. As Hemingway put it, "There is never any ending to Paris." In many ways it is the ultimate European experience.

It is also the ultimate European expense. Be prepared to eat lots of sardines, cheese, bread and chocolate and remember that a cup of coffee and croissant at one of those charming sidewalk cafes cost upwards of three dollars. *Youth Centers in Paris*, a slim folio, lists about twenty reasonable accommodations, while the International Federation of Youth Travel puts out *Accueil des Jeunes*, listing cheap hotels throughout the country.

A few final tips on France. The palace of Versailles, a half-hour outside Paris, provides the single greatest reason extant for the French Revolution. It must be seen to be believed. The Centre National D'Art et de Culture George Pompidou in Paris is a stunning example of what modern architecture can attain, while the prehistoric cave paintings of Perigord and Quercy are moving testimonies to the birth of art.

GERMANY

You're going to find the most representative German geography, culture and art in the country's southwestern portion. Most of Germany's hundreds of summer festivals occur in this well-travelled tourist region. A small sampling includes the Mozart Festival, Wurzburg (6/5-23); John Cage Festival, Bonn (6/8-10); German Mozart Festival, Augsburg (6/8-15); International Music Festival, Lake Constance (6/26-7/5); Mozart and Opera

Festival, Augsburg (6/1-7/31); Children and Marksman Festival, Biberach (6/1-15); Wine and Costume Festival, Klusserath (6/2-4); Wine Festival, Rottingen (6/2-9); Meeting of Bavarian Bands, Bad Windsheim (6Z/15-17); Wine and Roses Festival, Geisenheim (6/25-30); Laser and Optic Electronics International Conference, Munich (7/2-6); Ballet Festival, Hamburg (7/10-21); Wagner Festival, Bayreuth (7/25-8/31); Castle Festival, Jagsthausen (7/1-8/31); Wine Festival, Vellberg (7/6-8); Fold Festival, Wurzburg (7/7-23); Lake Festival, Lake Constance (7/28); Beer Festival, Kulmbach (7/20-8/10); Rheinisch Fisherman's Festival, Gernsheim (8/1-15); Vintner's Festival, Nierstein (8/1-8); Heather Blossom Festival, Amelinghausen (8/25-26); Wine Festival, Stuttgart (8/31-9/9).

Be prepared to drink lots of wine and beer, smell tons of flow-

ers and see hordes of costumed revelers. The Rhine and adjacent river shores are bursting with activity and a good way to see it all is on the Rhine River Line, running from Düsseldorf to Mainz through miles of robust, Wagnerian countryside in perfect summer weather. Summer sails feature evening trips with music, dancing and, you can bet, lots of drinking.

Another worthwhile trip in southern Germany is along the Romantic Road from Wurzburg to Fussen through a Baroque paradise highlighting some 20 well-preserved towns reflecting the entire scope of pre-industrial German history.

Among the cities of genuine interest in this region: Cologne, founded in 38 B.C.; Heidelberg, seat of German Romanticism; Regensburg, bordering the Bavarian forest; and Ulm, Augsburg and Boppard, in the Four Lake Dis-



GETTING THERE

Recent de-regulation of the airline industry has thrown most major carriers into a dither, much to the advantage of travelers. Coupled with the radical decline of charter airline business as a viable means of alternate travel, those wishing to reach Europe this summer have a wide choice of rock-bottom scheduled airline fares from which to choose. While many major airlines haven't yet posted their discount fares for the peak '79 season, many new plans—Standby, Budget, Super-Apex, Dollar-Stretcher, etc.—point to what can reasonably be expected in the summer months. As of this writing, however, Laker's Skytrain, now leaving from both Los Angeles and New York (but with a more significant savings from the East Coast) is still the cheapest thing on wings. Be sure to make a thorough search of available fares well before your trip. With maximum stay regulations, etc., you may find a surprisingly affordable airfare to fit your plans and pocketbook. Overseas Charter, Council on International Educational Exchange, and Inter-Collegiate Holidays all offer a variety of plans designed for the student traveler.

STAYING THERE



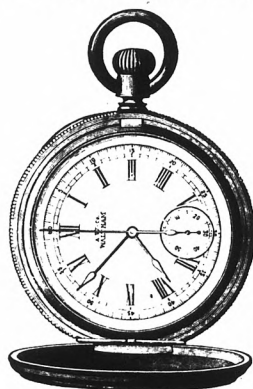
Finding cheap hotels, running down pensions and planning your trip around available youth hostels often takes inordinate time and energy. A recent alternative to these hassles has been provided in the camping tour, and the best camping tour is currently offered by Adventure World '79. The package includes transportation, by bus, occasional hotel stops on most tours, half of all evening meals, a full range of excursions, and a youth-oriented approach. Time is allowed on many stops to explore on your own, and it is a well-established fact that camping European-style is the cheapest and far from the least comfortable means of travel. Most European campsites are equipped with food stores, recreation rooms, restaurants, bars and even discos. They have the added advantage of being frequented by young Europeans on holiday. For further info write John Bethune or Matthew Breindel, 1007 Broxton Ave., Los Angeles, California 90024. If you're closer to the Atlantic than the Pacific, write to Inter-Collegiate Holidays, 501 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10022.

TO THE CONTINENT

trict. Trier and Wurzburg are both baroque fairytales, and the beautiful medieval village of Dinkelsbühl is awesome. Düsseldorf offers both the Goethe Museum and the Rheinisch Puppet Theater for a serio-comic perspective on the German state of mind.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland offers rather pedestrian cultural allures compared with its neighbors, which isn't surprising considering that in the country's 16,000 square miles four separate languages are spoken, which, coupled with the fact that



most of Switzerland is at an 80° angle, explains this country's lack of cultural cohesion, despite its 11th century origins. Hundreds of years of peace and lots of mountain air have mellowed the Swiss pace to a slow, orderly existence. Little crime, clean streets, lots of old money and unending natural splendor make the place a Utopian, if hardly thrill-packed, vacation stop.

Among summer events planned are 19th Interlaken Music Festival (6/15-8/31); International Little Theater Festival, Berne (6/1-30); Basel Town Festival (6/8-10); International Symposium of the James Joyce Foundation, Zurich (6/11-16); World Dog Show, Berne (6/14-17); Wilhelm Tell open air productions, Interlaken (6/1-9/



20); Villars Folklore Rally (7/6-8); Braunwald Music Week (7/8-15); Swiss Chess Championship and Festival, Biel (7/12-21); World Esperanto Congress, Lucerne (7/28-8/4); International Locarno Film Festival (8/2-12); Grand Children's Festival, Kolsters (8/4); Ascona Music Festival (8/1-31); World Fistball Championship, St. Gall (8/31-9/2).

Two excellent methods of get-

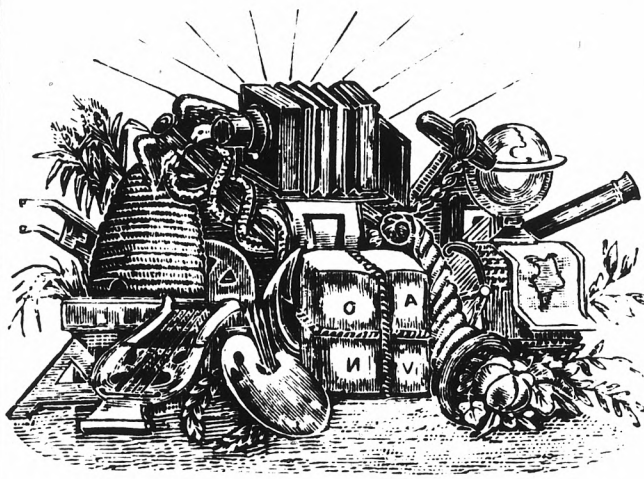
ting as much mountain viewing as possible lie with the Europabus Swiss Alpine Tour, covering sixteen cities including Zurich, Montreux, Geneva, Zermatt, Lugano, St. Moritz and Appenzell in a complete circuit of the Swiss Alps; and something called the Swiss Holiday Card which allows unlimited travel at a fair price on railroad, lake steamers and postal buses. Camping facilities are complete while hiking and year-round skiing opportunities abound, particularly near Zermatt, Dialerets Glacier, Jungfrauoch and Andermatt.

Museums of note include the National Museum at Zurich; the Historical Museums at Basel, Berne and Geneva; the Folk Museum at Basel and the Smugler's Museum at Gandria.

ITALY

Italy is another basic component of the European experience, despite its large lecherous male population, quick-change government and general inefficiency. How does any inconvenience compare to the glories of Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence or Padua? Here, more than anywhere else, emphasis should be placed on museums, ruins, churches and monuments. In a country where the towns themselves are living monuments to civilization, the hours seeking the immense cultural wealth of Italy will be among the best spent of your trip. It was here that much of what we call Western Thought was born, and here that the altars of its grandeur reflect our culture's finest hours.

The Italian State Tourist Office lists the following among scheduled summer events: International Fair, Alcona (6/24-7/2); International Food Fair, Bologna (6/1-11); Piano Festival, Brescia (6/1-30); International Verdi Voices Competition, Busseto (6/1-30); Great Feast of the Lakes, Caldaro (6/3); International Gathering of Polyphonic Choirs, Fano (6/1-30); Lucca Music Festival (6/1-7); Festival of the Lilies, Nola (6/1-7); International Sailing Regatta, Ranco (6/10-21); Opera Season, Rome (5/1-6/22); International Piano Competition, Terni (6/1-7/15); Shakespeare Festival, Verona (until Sept.); International Humour Fair, Bordighera (thru July); Marble Handicrafts Show, Carrara (until August); International Chamber Music Festival, Cervo (until August); Adriatic Summer Festival, Fano (7/21); Lucca Summer music Festival (until August); International Messina and Taormina Film Festival (thru July); Feast of the Redeemer, Venice (6/15); Music Festival, Naples (thru July); International Air Show, Perugia (thru July); Feast of Forgiveness, Assisi (8/1-2); Feast of Hospitality, Bertinoro (8/15-9/10); International Car Rally, Castrocaro Terme (8/5-6); Chamber Music Festival, Cervo (thru August); Feast of the Sea, Fano (8/5-6); International Opera Competition, Parma (thru August); International Stamp Fair, Riccione (8/26-28); National Gliding Championship, Rieti (thru August); Baroque Music Festival, Viterbo (thru August).



Both Venice and Florence highlight the same breadth of antiquity as the capital city, and must not, at any cost, be neglected. Venice can enchant not only with its autoless inner city and canals but with the San Marco Square, the Doge's Palace, Santa Maria dei Frari and San Zaccaria churches, the Ca d'Oro, Museo Correr and the Accademia. Florence's Uffizi Museum is unrivaled with a truly astounding collection, while the Bargello, Medici Chapel, Ponte Vecchio, Gates of Paradise and Pazzi Chapel are visions of classic splendor that never lose their appeal.



Italian scenery notwithstanding, head for the big cities and spend those balmy Mediterranean days in the unending procession of outstanding museums, galleries and churches. Rome, with its eternal reputation, offers more of these than any city has a right to. The great Roman squares and plazas, Piazza Navona, Campidoglio, Piazza San Pietro, Via Giulia and the Forum provide convenient centers from which to radiate out. The Sistine Chapel, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Vatican, Palatine Hill, are all in breathtaking proximity to one another, while the Vecchia Roma district offers a glimpse of Roman life as it is lived today. Santa

Maria della Vittoria, Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni are churches in the definitive baroque style, while medieval Rome is best represented by San Callixtus, San Lorenzo and San Paolo. The Museo Nazionale Romano and Galleria Borghese are impressive for their collection spanning the history of Italian art, and the Pincio public gardens offer a green respite beneath marble edifices.

An excellent booklet provided by the Italian State Tourist Board for planning a purely cultural journey through Italy is titled *A Trip to Italy*, with 18 extensive itineraries in all regions of the peninsula. Also available are schedules for the opera seasons of Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples and Rome.

SPAIN

Spain has the distinct advantage of being one of the cheapest of all Western European countries. The most modest pocketbook can provide lengthy travel, good food, and even a spot of nightlife. Add to this a nearly perfect summer climate and a rich heritage, and Spain becomes an inviting prospect for the American abroad.

Summer events throughout the country include Almonte parade, Huelva (6/2-4); Corpus Christi, throughout Spain (6/14); Bonfires of St. John, Alicante (6/21-30);

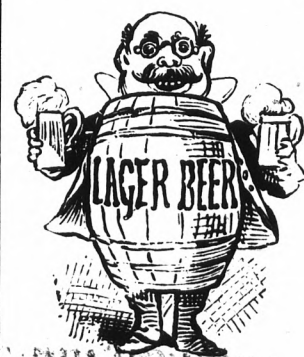


Paso del Fuego, with locals walking on hot coals, San Pedro Manrique (6/23-24); International Music and Dance Festival, Granada (6/21-7/7); San Ferman, with young bulls let loose on the streets, Pamplona (7/6-14); Feast of White Corso, Castro Urdiales (7/7); Moors and Christians Festival, Estella (7/25-30); Feast of Albariño Wine, Cambados (8/5); the Octopus Festival, Carballino (8/12); The Wine Harvest Fair, Requena (8/22-9/2).

Madrid's many notable parks and museums include the Botanical Gardens, Sabatini Gardens, and the Campo del Moro. The Prado rates as one of Europe's outstanding museums, while the Romantic Museum, the Royal Palace, the Ermita, Bullfighting Museum and the Spanish Theater Museum are all standouts. Flamenco guitar and dancing are on display at the Zambria, La Brujas, Cafe de Chinitas and other nightclubs, and the Rasto flea market is a longstanding tourist attraction.

Other Spanish cities, and there are many worthy of attention, are Avila, with its incredible 9th Century walls; Segovia and its Roman aqueduct; Granada, where the magnificent Moorish castle Alhambra is nestled; Toledo with its El Greco Museum; Barcelona, where the incomparable Gaudi Cathedral and Park Guell dazzle the visitor; and Burgos, the prime exponent of Spanish Gothic style.

Spanish seacoast resorts are very expensive, modern and full of tourists. It is advisable to steer clear of Costa del Sol and Costa Brava; Costa de la Luz is probably your best bet.



Wild Should Wild Remain.

"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."

ALDO LEOPOLD

"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."

ROBINSON JEFFERS

"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."

EDWARD ABBEY

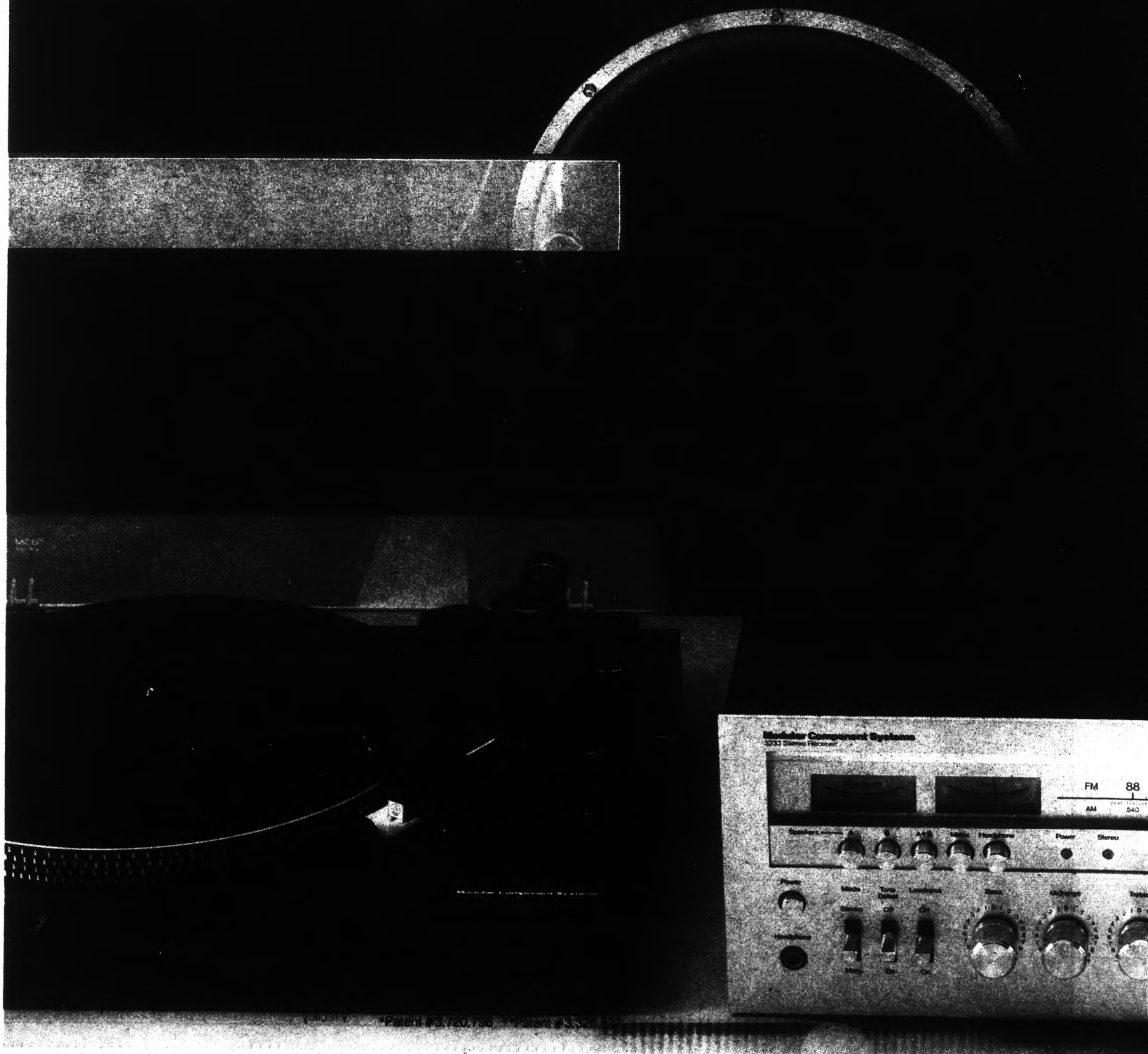
"We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there—important, that is, simply as an idea."

WALLACE STEGNER

Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



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*Patent #3,720,796 *Patent #3,328,177

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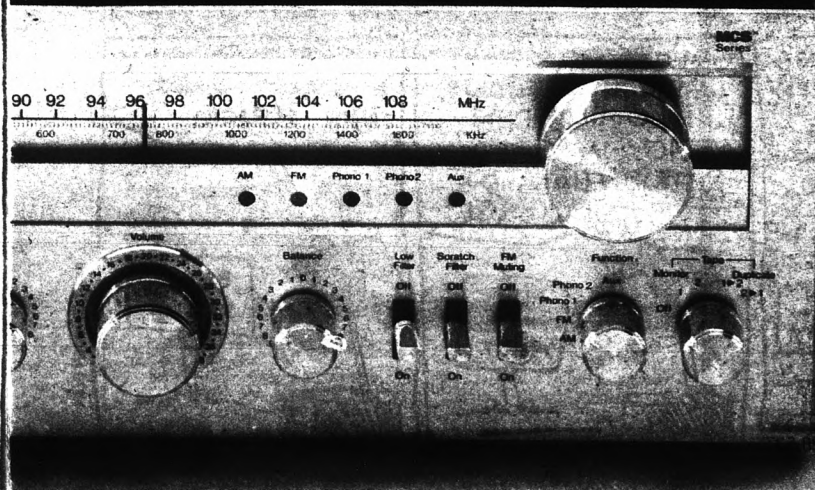
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In Print

Ampersand

March, 1979

We'll Be Back After This Message

One might expect to find in Jonathan Price's *The Best Thing on TV: Commercials* (Viking, \$17.95) a scathing critique of our most omnipresent medium. If "ring around the collar" is the best, what must the worst be like? That, however, is not Dr. Price's thesis. He likes "ring around the collar," and, according to the bio-blurb, "claims that educational TV puts him to sleep." After squandering several hours on his thirteen disorganized chapters, I wish Dr. Price had spent his time sleeping through *Masterpiece Theater* and spared us this silly book.

The text is filled with nonsensical theorizing about unconscious motives and their supposed exploitation by Price's clever heroes—commercial writers, directors and actors. For example, we are told, "commercials that put products through the torture test . . . may appeal to people's unconscious hunger for revenge." Oh, really? This is the sort of drivel one can get from Dr. Joyce Brothers. Is it true? False? Who knows? Certainly not Dr. Price. What is wrong with this sort of blather is precisely that it is incapable of proof, one way or the other.

This volume is almost totally disappointing. TV commercials are, after all, an important part of American life. In 184 pages one would hope to learn a lot about how they work; instead, we find a catalogue, replete with pictures, of the author's favorites and much facile psychologizing. There are some amusing incidents described, and some scattered descriptions of technique, but aside from that the book is uninformative.

In a chapter entitled, appropriately enough, "Emotional," the author makes an interesting admission. He describes the Hallmark Card commercial, in which an older woman is seen rummaging around in the attic, going through her life's accumulation of greeting cards before packing up and leaving the old home for an apartment. I found that a touching commercial. Did Dr. Price find it touching? Did he ever. "I've seen that (commercial) three times and I cried every time." You what?! I submit that anyone so easily overwhelmed by commercials has no business writing about them. The topic deserves the

sort of serious consideration that the author, through his tears, fails utterly to give it.

J.C. Norton

The Kenny Rogers Scrapbook

Although a better title for *Making It with Music* by Kenny Rogers and Len Epan (Harper & Row, \$5.95) might have been *Making It with Kenny Rogers*, this "Guide to the Music Business" is a well-intentioned work which succeeds in imparting some valuable information even as it lapses into unrestrained silliness, for which Rogers must be held primarily accountable.

Endeavoring to touch every facet of the recording industry, *Making It with Music* is better than many others. It is a much easier read than, for instance, Sid Shemel's *The Music Business*, which to all intents and purposes is a 400-page legal brief. Rogers and Epan deal with subjects as diverse as choosing a name (" . . . appeal to those you wish to attract"), on stage patter (" . . . don't offend the audience"), getting a manager (" . . . they may make seemingly outrageous demands"), and after the first hit (" . . . it isn't all rosey"), as well as the more technical aspects of Musician's Unions, record contracts (including examples of many contract forms), advances, studios, and royalties. This is a creditable effort to provide every would-be music idol with all the information he could possibly need to climb to the top. Whether any of this data will serve to make or break the budding talent is open to question, yet if anyone is attempting to make it by the book, this may well be the book to try it with.

What is a good deal less helpful, and a great deal more nervy, is the gratuitous biography in words and pictures Rogers has burdened us with. What, for example, do photos of Kenny Rogers on the basketball court, in concert, in high school, in curlers, with his manager, with Mac Davis and Merv, in a bus, on a stool and smiling from a plethora of publicity shots, have to do with the price of records? Are pictures of Kenny Rogers' first newspaper clipping, first single and first time on stage going to make a difference between bar mitzvahs and those stadium dates? Rogers shamelessly includes gold presentation shots, talk show

spots and more early First Edition photos than anyone could have imagined existed. This scrapbook scavenging reaches absurdity when, under the guise of showing fledgling musicians what a press release looks like, a full page is devoted to a reproduced handout from Rogers' publicity firm. A simple explanation will suffice, Kenny.

If you want to be a rock 'n' roll star and you love Kenny Rogers, this is the book for you. If you want to be a rock 'n' roll star and you're not crazy about Kenny Rogers, you may still get something from it. But you won't like Kenny Rogers any better.

Davin Seay

Illuminology

If recent references in *Ampersand* to the Bavarian Illuminati have intrigued you, I suggest you get a copy of *The Illuminoids* by Neal Wilgus (Sun Publishing Company, paperback, \$6.50). The Illuminati, in case you're one of the few people who hasn't heard of this super-secret organization, are the ultimate conspiracy. They run the world from behind the scenes and are to blame for everything that goes wrong. They are behind inflation, terrorism, paraquat, boring television, the neutron bomb, fluoridation and the alligators in the sewers of New York City.

There are three ways to do a history of the Illuminati. If you're a member, of course, and have access to the archives, you can write the true story from the inside. But this would be "eyes only" for other insiders, and the rest of us would not be privileged to see it. Another way is to pretend you know the true story and to write and publish your imaginings with all the maniacal assurance of the typical John Birch or Kennedy assassination buff, insisting that every one of your words is Gospel and anybody who doesn't believe it is probably part of the conspiracy. This is the way most books on the Illuminati are written. The third way is to take an intelligent look at what exists objectively: what people have stated about the Illuminati. This is what Neal Wilgus has done, and as far as I know he is the only writer who has done it. This book will give you the essential history of beliefs about the Illuminati, and it will tell you where to look for more. It is very simply the best single source of information on the Illuminati in the world. Besides having written an indispensable book, Wilgus has managed two other remarkable feats: combining scholarship with humor and managing to be open-minded and skeptical.

You can order the book directly from the author, while he lasts, by writing Neal Wilgus, Box 25771, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87125.

Robert Shea

The Same Old Faces of Rock & Roll

At first glance, *The Face of Rock and Roll—Images of a Generation* (by Bruce Pollack and John Wagman, Holt Paperbacks, \$12.95) looks pretty damned good. Essentially just another cover art anthology, this one deals mainly with photo jackets as opposed to graphics, and ranges from such near forgotten classics as *Lothar and the Hand People*, *The Paragons Meet the Jesters* and *The Shirelles and King Curtis Give a Twist Party* up to the present approach of *Alice Cooper Goes to Hell* and the Dead Boys' *Young Loud and Snotty*. Unfortunately, every one of the aforementioned covers appears at least twice in this book.

Hey . . . we like album cover books. Everybody likes them. They're great for the bathroom, fun on the coffee table . . . but how can we excuse that repetition? Two *Saturday Night Fever* covers, two McCartney *Ram* covers, two Arlo Guthrie's . . . the same covers, not different covers but the same covers! Two Southside Johnnys . . . two *Alladin Sane's* . . . the list goes on.

All of the pictures are printed on a type of matte-finish paper that has a way of making all the shiny, wonderful covers of the past look like the dull, boring covers of the present.

While it's great to see *Paul Evans Sings the Fabulous Teens* or *Vito and the Salutations*, must we be forced to view sixteen separate Bob Dylan covers and none of Elvis Presley's? They mention Presley plenty: a whole chapter of text without one album cover.

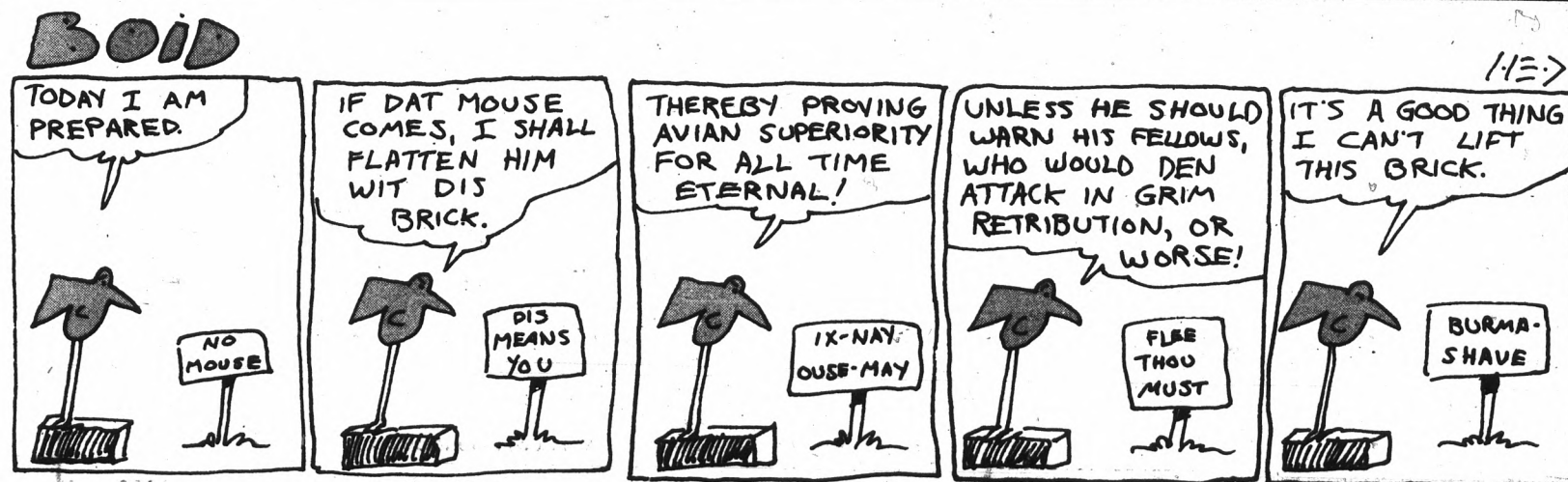
And speaking of that so-called text, this sophomore thesis tries desperately to conjure up visual images of rock's evolution, but only succeeds in leaving the reader in some sort of dreamlike limbo. For instance, here's what they say about Carly Simon:

"She'd be nowhere as fastidious in her emotional affair as tidy Olivia [Newton-John]. As likely as not, she'll have Pernod dripping down her chin even as she's quoting Proust or Eric Carmen. But Carly, I sense, would be a true friend. I could cry on her padded shoulder." They continue, but we won't. You should thank us. You're welcome.

The whole volume (177 pages) is oozing with this drivel. Listen, here's an idea . . . save your money, get out your old albums, and write down your own secret meanings and fantasies.

Images of a generation, hummmph.

Flo & Eddie



Conrad in the Congo

Joseph Conrad's *Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces*, edited by Zdzislaw Najder (Doubleday, \$7.95), confirms once again that some writers have the exasperating habit of saving themselves for their work. Their journals are pedestrian, their speeches conventional. Meanwhile, in their books, lightning flashes.

In these heretofore uncollected pieces, there's really little to spark interest. Conrad's Congo diary, written over a period of six weeks in 1890, is flat and minimally descriptive. A second record of the Congo trip is nothing more than a set of notes taken to aid a projected navigation of the river. His diary obviously was of use to Conrad in the writing of *Heart of Darkness*, providing some outline for the settings and the geography of that voyage. Reading these notes, though, one can only marvel that they were written by the same man who created the tension and the metaphysical terror of that masterpiece.

These Congo writings make up a fairly small part of this collection, which includes such miscellaneous items as a letter to the *Times*, a Note on Proust, a cablegram to the Committee for the Polish Government Loan, two drafts of a speech to the Lifeboat Institution, an article on ships lost at sea, a novella on which he collaborated with Ford Maddox Ford (under the name of Ignatz von Ashendorf), and an unfinished novel. The most interesting passages of the book are provided by the editor, Zdzislaw Najder, whose remarks are scholarly and crisp.

Najder seems to have brought out *Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces* for the specialist, not the general reader. The latter

should turn to *Heart of Darkness* or *Nostromo* or *Lord Jim*, or short stories like "Amy Foster" or "The Tale," rather than this book. But some things do stand out sharply here: Conrad's occasionally very British tone can sound oddly strained, even in that most unselfconscious of genres, the diary: "Today fell into a muddy puddle. Beastly. The fault of the man that carried me. After camping went to a small stream, bathed and washed clothes. Getting jolly sick of this fun." Remarkable too is that at this time, sixteen years after he left Poland, Conrad still had a bit of trouble with the English language. "Route very accidented," he says at one point. And Mr. Najder ascribes the failure of his uncompleted novel, *The Sisters*, in part to the rather Polish construction of his sentences.

Manfred Wolf

Obnoxious Overachievers

To successfully survive life in the fast lane, you have to be inherently cool, always relevant, and endowed with a significant bank account. Aside from rock stars, cocaine dealers, and wealthy scions, there aren't a whole lot of us who can afford to be young, rich, and fashionably decadent, but Mary Alice Kellogg has catalogued and classified a few obnoxious overachievers into a book called *Fast Track* (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95), and explains just how they rose to the top of the corporate structure years before we will.

But to do so, one must be a social outcast as a child, ostracized from one's parents, vaguely neurotic, slightly psychotic, hyperactive to the point of annoyance, and determined to drive a Turbo-Carrera before menopause hits. This is the gist of Kellogg's book, supported by interviews with juvenile chairpersons of the board,

magazine publishers, and White House aides. "They made it, so why haven't you?" the narrative seems to ask. I want to know what happens to these success stories after the spectacular rise to the top. Do they stay there, or retire at 35? Do they get a discount rate at the psychiatrist's due to age? And what about their parents?

Kellogg tells us "why," and not "how," these achievers became successes, so if you really need to know about Jann Wenner and how he turned a glorified fanzine into a million-dollar magazine, this might beat *Battlestar Galactica* for unintentional humor. For an hour or so.

Chris Clark

Cosmic Chaos

Rob Swigart's latest novel is a literary Mardi Gras, a swirling, colorful maelstrom of exciting confusion. Swigart is a published poet, and it shows in his vivid imagery and humorous playing with words. *A.K.A., A Cosmic Fable* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$8.95) also has a mystery, a surprise ending and such interesting characters as the Degenerate Dwarf.

Swigart's punning humor produces a pair of lovers named Bunny Darlitch and Reba Hare, a television newsman called Dick Peters, and a welter of imagery based on food. At times his writing becomes almost lyric, as in his description of the Balkan Butler's thoughts after he eats some hallucinogenic mushrooms: "In August's head the night began to flash, the trees to sway, the moon to howl. Light dripped from the needles of wind, and popped and phosphoresced from his flying fur, running, running!"

A.K.A. centers upon Avery K. Augenblau, an aerospace industrialist who attempts to spread a little love (read sex) in the world. His wealth finances such diverse enterprises as a San Francisco sex-change clinic, an art movie

house and the erotic films shown there, a nude fat farm, and an all-American furniture company. Augenblau eventually blasts off into space in an orgone-powered spacecraft that rises on a beam of blue light. The light triggers an orgy among the launch spectators, and when order is finally restored numerous new relationships have formed, and the President of the United States is missing.

During the 10 years Augenblau is off in space, a cult forms centered on "The Blue Light." The book culminates when Augenblau finally returns, and 15,000 AKA Club delegates flock to Chicago to hear him reveal the secret of *The Blue Light*.

The technique of slipping backward and forward in time along the plotline was deftly used in *Slaughterhouse Five* by Kurt Vonnegut to reflect Billy Pilgrim's experience. But Billy was "unstuck in time"; the mad juxtaposing of fragments of his life mirrored his shattered perceptions. Swigart lacks a comparably valid reason for using this technique in *A.K.A.*; it adds only confusion to a story with enough subplots to make even a reader of Dostoevski grimace.

Worse, not only does the timeframe of each chapter change without warning, but the viewpoint does as well, destroying any possibility of continuity. The initial chapters are so disjointed that the reader must plow through the first 50 pages on faith alone.

This is not to brand *A.K.A.* as unworthy of the time required to read it. Swigart's writing is often poetic and generally engaging. In *A.K.A.* he creates an overall impression of a young Vonnegut writing a book plotted and peopled by Tom Robbins. The result is a strenuous but enjoyable chaos that balances a simplistic theme against a wry style, and creates a good book that could have been wonderful.

S. Arthur Bell



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Christopher Walken Will Be A Big Star

About Time, Too

BY JACOB A. ATLAS

A few weeks before shooting began on *The Deer Hunter*, director Michael Cimino gave his cast a small snapshot. Five boys, about ten years old, stood with their arms around each other, laughing into the camera. Cimino at first refused to answer any specific questions about the photograph, refused to say if the boys were supposed to be younger versions of the characters in the film. Finally, the director called his cast together—Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, John Cazale, John Savage, et al.—and told them that Kodak was what the movie was all about. He told them *The Deer Hunter* was about friends who play with one another, fight with one another, live with one another, love one another for twenty-five years. And then something happens that changes and tests that friendship. Three of them go to war in Viet Nam.

Christopher Walken, one of those three, has been picked for stardom. Producers who pride themselves on figuring odds about whom the public will want—not tomorrow, but eighteen or twenty months from now, the time it takes to cast, shoot and distribute a movie—say Walken is the next guy up to bat. They say he's part of a new breed of actors who are finally breaking the Italian connection, that the early Eighties won't be "ethnic"; instead of names like Pacino, Stallone or De Niro, we'll hear Reeve (Christopher, *Superman*), Roberts (Eric, *King of the Gypsies*), Jones (Tommy Lee, *Eyes of Laura Mars*), Heard (John, *Heartbeat*) and Walken.

At 35, Walken is ready. He's worked long and hard as an actor, earning what he describes as a good living, having what he calls a good time. Now it's all supposed to pay off. He's already seen some rewards, winning a New York Film Critics award for *The Deer Hunter*, a Golden Globe nomination (losing out to John Hurt for his outstanding performance in *Midnight Express*) and picking up an Oscar nomination. He's also received the kind of raves from critics most actors can only dream of—raves that are even more outstanding because Cimino's three-hour epic about war and friendship has raised its share of critical hackles. But Walken's emerged with nothing but gold dust under his fingernails and Universal, in an effort to make that praise pay off at the box office, has sent him on a promotional tour.

"I've absorbed all the attention," Walken says, settling into his plush sofa in the Vieve Cliquot suite at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. "I like the rooms, I like the car. I like everything. It's very interesting, 'cause it's new. But I don't like waste," he adds, "and all this smacks of waste. So I think I'll get real tired of it, only not yet. Now it's fun."

Walken is very tall and about as thin as a human being can be and still remain upright. His face is delicate and responds beautifully to a photographer's lens, more beautifully than it does to the naked eye. In *The Deer Hunter* his portrayal of Nick suggests seas of sensitivity, introspection, even poeticism. In person, Walken projects none of those qualities. He seems to be what he was born—a New York street kid from Astoria in Queens, who gives testimony to his place of birth with every word he speaks. He doesn't betray a clue to the bravado acting he's capable of producing. A number of New York writers, familiar with Walken's stage work, where he's made a name for himself as a "show-off" actor, wonder where the egocentric power comes from. In person, he's no more charismatic than the next guy.

"I am a show-off actor," Walken confirms delightedly. "I'm not a show-off actor on the screen because I don't know

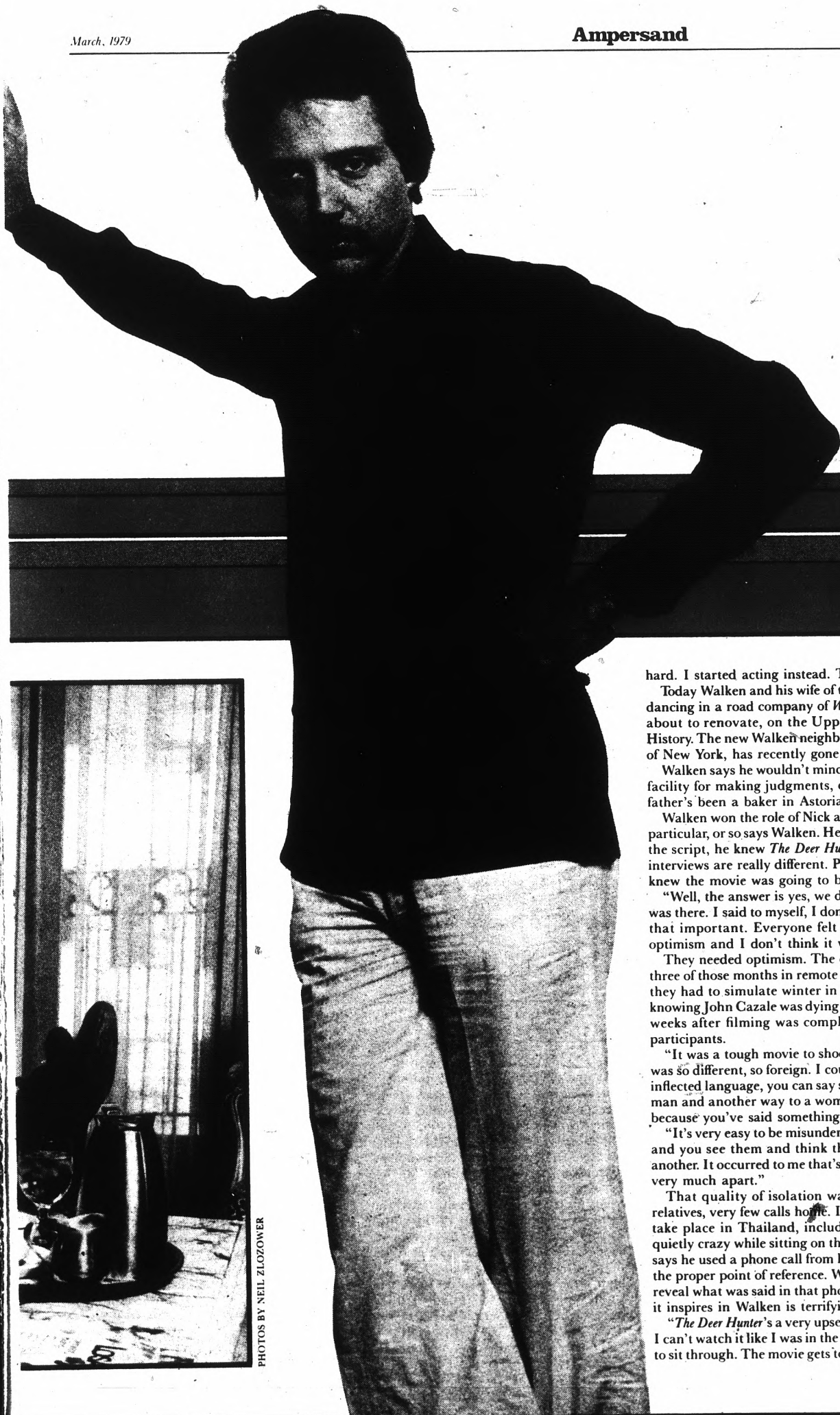
enough about movies yet. As soon as I do know enough, I intend to become one," he jokes. "Actually though, movies make you present life realistically. You can't have the same cavalier attitude. But on stage, I never try to be like a real person. On stage I do what I like to see other actors do, and that's act. I think people should get their money's worth. I don't want them to see something they can see everyday. So I'm a show-off."

That quality has served him well, resulting in raves for the David Rabe play, *Kid Champion*, at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre. In doing that play, Walken fought the playwright over whether the prototype for the rock hero should be Bob Dylan (Rabe's idea of an introspective hero) or Mick Jagger (Walken's idea of a show-off hero). Walken's vision won, not the least because he was the one on stage every night. Walken

later scored in a revival of *Sweet Bird of Youth*, which almost made everyone forget Paul Newman had ever created Chance Wayne, that heel with a heart of greed. Walken also showed off in brief roles in *Annie Hall* (as Keaton's crazed brother) and in *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* (as a cold-hearted sexual exploiter).

Walken has been earning a living since a very tender age. His mother put him and his two brothers to work while they were still adorable urchins. "I can't remember why she wanted us to act," Walken says simply. "I'm glad it happened. Kept me busy. Actually my brother worked more than I did, doing live television. That used a lot of kids in the Fifties. But I learned to dance and did a lot of chorus work [including Liza Minnelli's first musical, *Best Foot Forward*]. I danced till I was about 22 and then gave it up. It was too





PHOTOS BY NEIL ZLOZOWER

hard. I started acting instead. That was easier."

Today Walken and his wife of ten years, nick-named Georg (they met while they were both dancing in a road company of *West Side Story*) just bought an old brownstone, which they're about to renovate, on the Upper West Side. It sits not far from the Museum of Natural History. The new Walken neighborhood, which at the turn of the century was the choicest part of New York, has recently gone from sordid to seedy to something-to-see.

Walken says he wouldn't mind being rich, he likes money and insists he doesn't have much facility for making judgments, except about food. He comes by that talent honorably. His father's been a baker in Astoria for 50 years this March.

Walken won the role of Nick after meeting twice with Cimino and talking about nothing in particular, or so says Walken. He admits he would have taken any role in the film; after he read the script, he knew *The Deer Hunter* was something special. "It's interesting," he says, "all interviews are really different. People want to know different things, but everyone asks if we knew the movie was going to be important."

"Well, the answer is yes, we did know, right from the start. We didn't talk about it. But it was there. I said to myself, I don't care what I have to go through in this movie, I'll do it. It's that important. Everyone felt like that. We all sensed the energy. I think it came from optimism and I don't think it was manufactured."

They needed optimism. The cast and crew shot *The Deer Hunter* over a five-month period, three of those months in remote Thailand, where the Viet Nam scenes were staged. Stateside, they had to simulate winter in scorching summer and work under the emotional strain of knowing John Cazale was dying of cancer and might not survive the shoot. (He died just a few weeks after filming was completed.) The film demands enormous resources from all its participants.

"It was a tough movie to shoot. Thailand for three months was incredible but difficult. It was so different, so foreign. I couldn't learn the language except for a few words. It's a highly inflected language, you can say something very simple like 'thank you' and say it one way to a man and another way to a woman. And the thing is, if you're a little bit wrong, they laugh, because you've said something else entirely."

"It's very easy to be misunderstood. You feel very isolated. People sit around tables at night and you see them and think they're doing one thing and then it turns out they're doing another. It occurred to me that's a quality of life for the soldiers in the war. They must have felt very much apart."

That quality of isolation was played up on location. There were very few visits from relatives, very few calls home. It paid off on the screen. Walken's most devastating scenes all take place in Thailand, including one powerful moment where a war-ravaged Nick goes quietly crazy while sitting on the porch rail of a hospital. Walken, who has never been to war, says he used a phone call from his younger brother, who had fought in Viet Nam, to give him the proper point of reference. Walken says his brother came home in one piece, but he won't reveal what was said in that phone conversation. It must have been raw, because the emotion it inspires in Walken is terrifying to see.

"*The Deer Hunter*'s a very upsetting movie," Walken understates. "I've seen it twice now and I can't watch it like I was in the movie. I get all choked up and tears come to my eyes. It's hard to sit through. The movie gets to you down deep. It's a primal movie about very basic things."



Costello: with & subtlety



McGuinn, Clark & Hillman: sweet, romantic pop

ELVIS COSTELLO

Armed Forces (Columbia)

With his third album, *Armed Forces*, Elvis Costello continues to chart new directions for rock beyond the swamps of disco and the scabrous implusions of punk. His work—a well-balanced mix of personal obsessions, near-paranoic politics and complete mastery of the received pop tradition—is unparalleled in its invention and importance.

Armed Forces is an advance for Costello, both lyrically and musically, an advance which explodes the categories of punk and New Wave he's been squeezed into. If his two previous records, *My Aim Is True* and *This Year's Model* were quickly done, almost tossed off, *Armed Forces* is the sculpted product of more than a month in the studio. On both earlier records his backing (first by the near anonymous Clover, next by his current band, The Attractions) was raw, untutored and angular, owing much to the garage-band tradition of ? and the Mysterians and the Electric Prunes. *Armed Forces* is different. For all his nonchalant parodies of the mode (cf. *Pure Pop for Now People*), producer Nick Lowe is a devoted practitioner of the pop-song. Each song is meticulously crafted and layered; the songs come to deliberate, clever conclusions rather than jangling halts or simple fades as on the preceding albums. There's lots more synthesizer, interesting percussion and inventive vocal arrangements. In fact, in its melodic and harmonic complexity, *Armed Forces* is the closest current approximation to the pop gems at which the Beatles once excelled. It's no surprise, then, that allusions to the Beatles should crop up all over the record: the ending to "Party Girl" that comes straight from

Abbey Road, say, or the "Penny Lane"-ish synthesizers that close "Green Shirt," or the echoes of "Nowhere Man" on "Busy Bodies." It's not simply irony that accounts for the album ending with a moving cover of Lowe's "Peace, Love and Understanding."

If *Armed Forces*' dense sound crammed with pop touches has little to do with punk, Costello's lyrics in their wit and subtlety are also strangers to punk's angry nihilism. Not that Costello's own well-publicized anger and vengefulness have been stilled. It's just that the targets have gotten bigger and the solipsism of his earlier songs has opened up into a political context, albeit a scary, bleak one. That's obvious on songs like "Goon Squad" ("They'll never make a lampshade out of me," he sings) and "Oliver's Army." But it's also underneath songs like "Two Little Hitlers" and "Green Shirt," songs that initially seem to focus on two people but also refer metaphorically and otherwise to institutional settings. Costello's suggested title for this record was *Emotional Fascism* which is why a lover in "Chemistry Class" can sing a refrain about Final Solutions. Dark, brooding and honest, *Armed Forces* is a triumph.

Peter Siström



n disc

MILESTONE JAZZSTARS
In Concert (Fantasy)

When a record of unfused acoustic jazz breaks into the pop charts with optimistic predictions about its future, it seems almost indecent to do anything but applaud. *In Concert*, the two-record documentation of last fall's 20-city tour by the Milestone Jazzstars—tenor saxophonist Sony Rollins, bassist Ron Carter and pianist McCoy Tyner—more than earns such plaudits. Recorded live at three scattered dates, the album is a faithful facsimile of the entire concert program and features the three, plus drummer Al Foster, in various combinations of full quartet, trio, duo and solo.

Both Carter and Tyner take fine solos, serious and well-crafted (Carter on "Willow Weep for Me," Tyner on the energetic "A Little Pianissimo"). They also join for a sweetly entrancing duet on "Alone Together." Carter's playing, as always, is stately, serene and precise and Tyner, one of jazz's finest improvising pianists, ventures into curious regions without losing his way.

But the real triumph of *In Concert*, and of the tour, is Sonny Rollins. His performances

on this album, like those on his recently released *Don't Stop the Carnival*, confirm Rollins' brilliance and intensity, qualities that have been tarnished by a string of consistently mediocre outings over the last few years. Rollins' solos, particularly on "Nubia" and *Don't Stop the Carnival* are wild and swinging affairs. He evokes raging masters like Coltrane and Albert Ayler, but his playing—and in its colors, its thematic control, its deft balance of elegance and rowdiness and its rhythmic invention—never wanders into the abstracted, hectoring alleys that subvert so much avant-garde playing.

In contrast to most star-studded conclaves (the sort, say, that crowd stages at the Newport Jazz Festival) the Jazzstars fit together smoothly and coherently, though none of them had previously played together. *In Concert*'s three ensemble pieces, each of the musicians contributing one piece, are the record's finest moments. So much so, in fact, that one wishes the tour had been intended less to market separate Milestone releases by the three Jazzstars than to present a most remarkable quartet. Alongside the outcome, such reservations are slight cavils. *In Concert* as a great album, both for followers of one or all of the principals and (even better) as a great introductory primer for jazz newcomers.

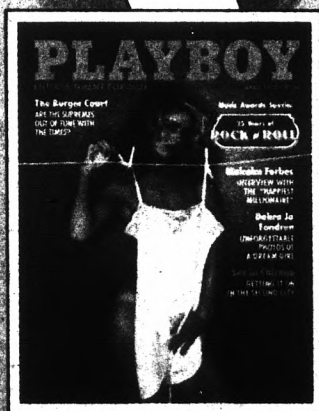
Peter Siström

MCGUINN, CLARK & HILLMAN
McGuinn, Clark & Hillman (Capitol)

Here is the ex-Byrd's non-reunion album, a party that David Crosby didn't crash, an attempt to revive flagging careers that will probably do the trick.

(Continued on page 27)

Don't Miss April



April PLAYBOY's center of attraction is a gorgeous gatefolder named Missy Cleveland. And you can bet this young lady is not about to default on anything. You'll also enjoy a return visit with Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren, as the nation's top photographers expose all her finest qualities. Then it's the second in our series *Sex in America*, as we check out the action in Chicago. You'll also read an indictment of the Supreme Court, learn the results of the Playboy Music Poll and a whole lot more. All in the April issue of PLAYBOY.

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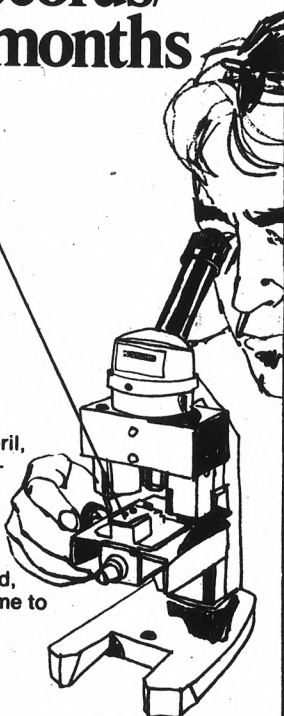
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AMP 20

ON TOUR

Jesse Colin Young
The Roxy, Los Angeles

Jesse Colin Young is an idea whose time has come and gone. Though still an expressive, even vibrant performer, he dispenses a naive consciousness that died nearly a decade ago and, upon revival, becomes embarrassing.

No signs of physical dissipation marred Young's recent appearance at the Roxy in Los Angeles. His band—two singers, an acoustic guitar, a rhythm electric, bass, drums and saxophone—was tight, sharp and energetic. Young himself looked good for a 37-year-old who has worked professionally for some two decades.

Young's set turned out to be an exercise in mixed dynamics. His sentiments were leftovers from the late Sixties and the cultural backwater that is California's Marin County. His songs, however, were not from the more intense work he did during that period with the Youngbloods. Most of his show revolved around "American Dreams Suite," his lengthy essay on the dreams of a generation, lost and found. But the dreams sounded like pallid escapism. Nudged on by pretentious lyrics and ingenuous sentiments, Young's music dissipated into soft clouds.

Merrill Shindler

Boston/Sammy Hagar
University Hall, Charlottesville, VA

Peter Dinklage, Bruce Springsteen and other guitar avatars have been wrestling throughout the Seventies with this question: Can rock and roll stay forever young? The question becomes mightily relevant on a cold winter's night that fills the local boogie hall with a few thousand wasted teenagers, a near-equal number of wise old college students, and one or two neo-heavy-metal bands.

And if one of the bands is Boston, so much the better. No band in recent memory has roared so loudly on both sides of the Puberty Barrier as Boston. Musical sophisticates talk about the group's "harmonic flow" and "technical virtuosity in the studio"; the Top-40 crowd gets drunk, slaps on a well-worn copy of the debut *Boston*, and dances itself into submission. Our mystery for tonight's show: Who's gonna have more fun?

Opener Sammy Hagar almost provided the answer single-handedly. When the lights went down and the mob went up (U-Hall was sold out), and Hagar, ex-belter for the oft-interesting Montrose, kicked into "Turn up the Music," a fast, rowdy number, the concert's tone was set: dumb, distorted, and hyperactive.

When Boston's whiz kid Tom Scholz finally took the stage with his band, slashing a smooth rendition of "Rock and Roll Band," it seemed everybody might go home satisfied. Listeners listened, dancers danced—the music was fresh air. Then, on the second song of their set, Boston was burned by the same problem that makes their two albums, both awesome in terms of sheer sonic punch, such drab musical affairs: compositional monotony and poor pacing. Lead singer Brad Delp, who delighted in frequent banshee screams, had wasted his fine voice to a raspy crack by the time he sang "A Man I'll Never Be," where his high vocals splintered off and marred a potentially powerful song.

Boston was bellowed back for three tedious encores. By then, even the zealots in the mob had clapped themselves senseless. The



Tom Scholz of Boston

JOHN KROUT

bodies jerked, but the eyes were unconscious. The clock had taken its toll.

Robin McLeod

Timothy Leary
Masonic Auditorium, San Francisco

"Uncle Tim's Medicine Show, step right this way! Say! You will see belly dancers from the far Orient! Say! You will see some of the World's Greatest Performers right here on this stage! Say! You, sir, you in the top hat, I can see that you're an intelligent man! How would you like to know the ancient secrets of the Himalayan Holy Men, the secrets of eternal youth? . . ."

Where do Old Hippies go to die?

They go to the Masonic Auditorium.

But it's a slow death. The small band of post-pubescent follower-types and over-the-hill mourners of Jimi Hendrix are attending the flame, bellows in hand, like it's the last flicker of life on Planet Earth. They want to hear what the Old Hippy has to say. The Old Hippy wants to say what they want to hear.

They want to ask him questions, questions to conjure catch-phrases.

"What were the Sixties?" ("In one word!")

"Forget the Sixties!" "The future!"

"What are you doing?"

"Can you help me?"

The Old Hippy addresses these Questions. He addresses all Questions. He glides across the stage in his sneakers, tossing the microphone cord out of his way each time he changes direction. He stops to wave at someone in the audience. He forgets what he was talking about. The post-pubescent followers and the over-the-hill mourners of Jimi Hendrix adore him anyway. They want so badly to adore someone.

What about this audience, anyway? Who are they?

Two rows in front of me there is a clown. A clown. Painted face, funny clothes. And on my right, three "Future People," as they call themselves, girls in masks and silver Halloween costumes. (Didn't this Happening already happen?) With the Future People is an unclothed young woman, who borrows a pen to take notes. If you look around, you see several people taking notes.

They are waiting to hear about the New Chemical. Yes, there are still people who are interested in chemicals for the purpose of—ah—well, we won't say.

Now what's happening? The Old Hippy is telling us about evolution: Darwin was wrong. We didn't evolve from the ape. We refused to become the ape. Evolution was a sperm theory. Sperm theories are out. Egg theories are in. Species mutation occurs only in the infant, never the adult. Therefore,

everyone seven and over (under?) should be able to vote. Got it?

How about a one-liner? "Just because I turn forty-five, do I have to go through menopause and vote for Reagan?"

Another? "I've tried to be an adult twenty-four times."

Another? "Gravity is a personal affront. What am I, a slug?"

Had enough?

Say, I just realized who this audience is. The man in the top hat. The clown. The Future People. They are all Wendy's Daughters.

You remember Wendy, in J.M. Barrie's story called *Peter Pan*. What a turncoat she was. How she grew up, got married, had a daughter. And when the daughter was just the right age, You-Know-Who was waiting to take her to Never-Never Land.

Clarke Owens

Dialogues of the Carmelites Metropolitan Opera, New York

Of the seven productions scheduled for the New York Metropolitan Opera's annual spring tour, Francois Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* is certainly the most unusual.

The title is literal; most of the opera consists of dialogues among Carmelite nuns concerning life, death, religion and religious duty, and human frailty. What makes the material dramatic is that it is set against the background of the French Revolution, during the Reign of Terror. Robespierre saw even convents as sources of conspiracy against the Revolution, and the nuns are forced to make a decision between survival and martyrdom. Written a decade after World War II, when many Frenchmen (and others) were called upon to choose between their principles and their safety, the opera assumed and still holds an importance that transcends merely religious meanings.

Poulenc gave the story some of his finest music. The prose (from a play by Georges Bernanos) may seem strange, but Poulenc makes it seem perfectly natural. The music is melodic in a modern idiom, strong and often stirring without ever sinking into bathos or pseudo-religious pomposity; Poulenc's unique wit, the hallmark of his instrumental music, tends to pop up in some of the strangest places. The dominant motif is a dirge-like figure that appears throughout the opera, at once noble, tragic and spiritual and carrying with it an air of inevitability. The finale, in which the nuns are to be executed, is based on one of those ridiculously simple ideas that only a master could conceive, and it is beautifully executed.

The Met production is also beautifully executed. It is played in the abstract, all the action taking place on a huge white cross laid out on the stage, surrounded by darkness that gives the illusion of infinite space. Sets are suggested, very effectively, by screens and iron bars lowered from above. This sparseness is a fine match for the material. There has been no skimping on the production musically; Maria Ewing as a young novice and Mignon Dunn as a revered older nun are major singers and were in good form when I saw the production, while the old pro Regine Crespin has one of the great death scenes in opera and sings it that way. Because of the importance of dialogue, *Carmelites* is here performed in English instead of French; the translation, by Joseph Machlis, seems credible.

The Met orchestra sounded as good as this writer can remember (Michel Plasson, the conductor for the New York performances, will not do the tour; those performances will be led by Richard Weitach).

Sol Louis Siegel

AMPERCHART

ROCK

1. Blondes Have More Fun
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
2. Brief Case Full of Blues
Blues Brothers/Atlantic
3. 52nd Street
Billy Joel/Columbia
4. Greatest Hits, Vol. II
Barbra Streisand/Columbia
5. Totally Hot
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
6. The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
7. Toto
Toto/Columbia
8. Minute by Minute
Doobie Brothers/Warner Bros.
9. Greatest Hits
Barry Manilow/Arista
10. Backless
Eric Clapton/RSO
11. Double Vision
Foreigner/Atlantic
12. Dire Straits
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.
13. A Wild and Crazy Guy
Steve Martin/Warner Bros.
14. Armed Forces
Elvis Costello/Columbia
15. Pieces of Eight
Styx/A&M
16. You Don't Bring Me Flowers
The Doobie Brothers/Columbia
17. Nicotine
Nicotine/Lauren Warner Bros.
18. Snake Girls
Snake Girls
19. Rolling Stones/Rolling Stones
Rolling Stones
20. Dog and Butterfly
Heart/Portrait
21. Living in the U.S.A.
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
22. Grease
Soundtrack/RSO
23. Jeep
Golden/Elektra
24. Life for the Taking
Eddie Money/Columbia
25. Greatest Hits
Steve Miller Band/Capitol
26. Stranger in Town
Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- No Escape
Marc Tennor Band/Elektra
- A to Z
Tina Turner/Capitol
- No Mean City
Nazareth/A&M
- Take It to
Max Demian/RCA
- On the Corner
Jimmie Mack/Atlantic

SOUL

1. C'est Chic
Chic/Atlantic
2. Motor Booty Affair
Parliament/Casablanca
3. The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
4. Crosswinds
Peabo Bryson/Capitol
5. Here My Dear
Marvin Gaye/Tamla
6. Wanted
Richard Pryor/Warner Bros.
7. Bobby Caldwell
Bobby Caldwell/Claude
8. 2 Hot
Peaches & Herb/Polydor
9. Cheryl Lynn
Cheryl Lynn/Columbia
10. The Man
Barry White/20th Century
11. Live and More
Dorcas Summer/Casablanca
12. Love Tracks
Gloria Gaynor/Polydor
13. Shot of Love
Lakeland/Solar
14. Get Down
Gene Chandler/20th Century
15. Smooth Talk
Evelyn "Champagne" King/RCA

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Energy
Ponk/Slaters/Planet
- Sister Sledge
Sister Sledge/Columbia

- Bustin' Out of L Seven
Rick James/Gordy
- Knock on Wood
Amii Stewart/Ariola
- Keep It Together (Declaration of Love)
Rufus/ABC

COUNTRY

1. The Gambler
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
2. Willie and Family Live
Willie Nelson/Columbia
3. TNT
Tanya Tucker/MCA
4. I've Always Been Crazy
Waylon Jennings/RCA
5. Every Which Way But Loose
Soundtrack/Elektra
6. Let's Keep It That Way
Anne Murray/Capitol
7. Greatest Hits, Vol. One
Larry Gatlin/Monument
8. Totally Hot
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
9. When I Dream
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
10. Stardust
Willie Nelson/Columbia
11. Heartbreaker
Dolly Parton/RCA
12. Expressions
Don Williams/ABC
13. Profile/Best of Emmylou Harris
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
14. Rose Colored Glasses
John Conley/ABC
15. Armed and Crazy
Johnny Paycheck/Epic

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Sweet Memories
Willie Nelson/RCA
- We've Come a Long Way
Loretta Lynn/MCA
- Diamond Cut
Barbie Tyler/RCA
- The Amazing Rhythm Aces
Amazing Rhythm Aces/ABC

JAZZ

1. Touchdown
Bob James/Columbia
2. Road Band
Grover Washington, Jr./Motown
3. Children of Sanchez
Chuck Mangione/A&M
4. Flame
Ronnie Laws/United Artists
5. All Fly Home
Al Jarreau/Warner Bros.
6. Secret Agent
Chick Corea/Polydor
7. Mr. Gone
Weather Report/Columbia
8. Petrice
Patrice Rushen/Elektra
9. Intimate Strangers
Tom Scott/Columbia
10. Pat Metheny
Pat Metheny/EOM
11. Angle
Angle/Bolt/Arista
12. We All Have a Star
Wilton Felder/ABC
13. In Concert
Milestone Jazzstars/Milestone
14. Cosmic Messenger
Jean Luc Ponty/Atlantic
15. Feels So Good
Chuck Mangione/A&M
16. Secrets
Gil Scott Heron & Brian Jackson/Arista
17. Images
Crusaders/Blue Thumb
18. Carmel
Joe Satriani/ABC
19. Soft Space
Jeff Labrecque/Fusion
20. Caravan
Maynard Ferguson/Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Exotic Memories
Lionel Ligon Smith/Columbia
- Space
George Benson/CTI
- Family Man
Jaki Byard/News
- Mr. Russell on Eye
Charles Mingus/Atlantic

STEPHEN STILLS:

*"I could not live
without rock & roll."*



PHOTOS BY HENRY DILTZ

BY BYRON LAURSEN & ANTHONY FAWCETT

Stephen Stills' recent four-night, eight-show stand at the Roxy in Los Angeles was his first club date in more than a decade. It showcased not only Stills' resurgent desire to get on stage and the new band which will accompany him on an eastern tour in March, but also a change of direction in his music—back to his own brand of blues and rock.

"I'm not just a folk balladeer," Stills says adamantly, "I'm also *this*. That was *then* and this is *now*. I feel sort of new and fresh. This is 1979, so wake up!" Stills lounges comfortably against the pool table in his den as he speaks, sporting a newish tan leather jacket. There is a bright twinkle in his eyes. Though his hair is thinner, he looks remarkably like he did in the heyday of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young in 1970, or even as he did back in Buffalo Springfield days, when the foundations were laid for much of California's pop music history. The same long sideburns track down jawbones, the same growls and facial contortions erupt as he sings and plays his electric guitar.

Known for bouts with drink and depression, Stills appears back on course now. His romantic involvement with actress Susan Saint James has apparently brought with it a much-needed stability. "I just got a little flaky," Stills readily admits. "Since Manassas (his longest-lived band, a post-CSNY group that sold few records) from there to here is pretty much of an open book. I mean, success kind of drove me crazy and I was a little out of it. I was pretty much of an alkie for a while, but got over that, and everything's really working for me fine now. There's an element of survival—and an element of confidence. Just hold on to a couple of salient facts about yourself and you can survive."

The facts Stills can hold on to are varied: part of his teenage years were passed in San Jose, Costa Rica,

where he hungrily absorbed jazz and Latin styles from club musicians—he once tried to join the Monkees, television's attempt to cross Beatles appeal with Three Stooges' schtick, and failed—he anchored an incandescent guitar section for the Buffalo Springfield and wrote the anthemic "For What It's Worth"—he was the artistic core of the CSN grouping, around which Nash and Crosby wove their contributions, his pre-eminence threatened only by the raw brilliance of Neil Young whenever the latter was dealt in—he has been consistently shown in the press as egocentric, arrogant and even loutish—he has maintained a music career, despite self-destructive impulses, while several of his contemporaries have long since faded—he will soon share a tour with the first Cuban band to be on an American label in nearly twenty years, a setting that should publicly liberate Stills' deep Latin roots.

After holing up in Colorado for a long spell, Stills has for the past two years based himself in Los Angeles, site of his strongest years. He lives in a sprawling mock-Tudor mansion high up in the wooded and costly hills of Bel-Air. The Englishness of the place has a certain echo from his past—there are many similarities to the authentic Tudor home he once owned in Elstead, England. The exterior of the brick and beamed house is crawling with ivy. Sloping lawns descend from the front porch down to the wrought-iron gates.

Before the frenzy of rehearsal takes over the house, the scene is quite calm. An early afternoon visit finds Stills slowly waking up. Outside the wood-paneled den library sits a large glassed-in greenhouse surrounded by trees and shrubbery. Above the library's log fireplace is an Escher lithograph of birds in flight; opposite, a rare gold-plate Curtis print of Indians canoeing through the reeds.

The event most on Stills' mind these days is his upcoming visit to Cuba, early in March, when he and the new band will perform at a Havana music festival. CBS Records, with the blessings of the Cuban government, organized the event to include Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge, Billy Joel, the Fania All-Stars and Weather Report, all CBS performers. Irakere, an eleven-member jazz fusion group, one of Cuba's most popular bands, will follow Stills to the eastern states for a tour (Irakere is also signed to CBS).

Stills' fondness for Latin touches is documented as far back as "Uno Mundo" with Buffalo Springfield and the trilling coda to "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes." Manassas' "Cuban Bluegrass"



and even "Love the One You're With" from a Stills solo release moved to a Latin pulse.

"The Cuban show is the most thrilling thing that's happened to me in a long time, even though it's just one show—for 4,000 people, in the afternoon," Stills says. "It makes total sense to me. Cubans, by nature, are very intense and I think Castro has pulled off an amazing thing."

The new band, excited to be Cuba-bound, sets up for afternoon rehearsals in Stills' den, which is starting to look like a small nightclub. The group evolved from sessions for *Thoroughfare Gap*, a pre-Christmas release that Stills considers one of his best efforts. It sold poorly. Critics scored the album's attempts at disco as evidence of a sell-out. "I'm getting killed, just killed," the musician says of his recent press.

Mike Finnigan, a well-known session and solo keyboards player and singer, is one of the new band's strengths. Bonnie Bramlett, famous for the Delaney and Bonnie recordings that drew in such giants as Eric Clapton, Leon Russell and Dave Mason, was another of the strengths, but her initially rosy relationship with Stills turned sour and she was dropped in the final week of January. She may or may not rejoin the band after Cuba.

"Bonnie Bramlett to me is one of the greatest female singers that is walking. She's right up there with Aretha," Stills said before Bramlett was fired. "So I've got this wonderful group of people and all this positive energy, and in a month we've recorded twelve songs like falling off a log."

Bramlett, like Stills, once had an alcohol problem and would boast of drinking Janis Joplin under the table. Prior to the split, she spoke warmly of the many things she was learning from working with Stills. "The only thing I think Stephen could learn from me," she added, "would be just to be more outward. Stephen's sly, you know."

Sessions for the next Stills album are nearly complete, with mainly mixing and editing chores left. One of the new songs is "Susie Jane," a tribute to Saint James and their liaison. "The album's kind of autobiographical, you know," Stills comments, "finally deciding to get a divorce and then finding somebody new—just the whole trip I've been on these past few months." Stills' divorce from Veronique Sanson, his wife during most of the Colorado sojourn, involved a custody battle for their six-year-old son, Chris, who now lives with his father.

The blues is a natural choice for someone sorting out troubles, and Stills is in a full-scale return-to-musical-roots program. He describes lengthily his youth in Florida, riding horses through orange groves to hear the services at black churches, always for the frenetic gospel music. He talks of Charlie Harris, a black man who worked for the family and taught young Stephen blues guitar, a skill underlined by hours of listening to the records of Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Willie John, John Lee Hooker and Lightnin' Hopkins. "I mean obsessive blues," Stills says with an earnest look.

"I'm basically a blues player and a rock and roller," he cannot help adding. "I could not live without rock and roll."

IN BOTH EARS

Players, the Long & Short

Of all the components in a hi-fi system, the record player is the leading oddball. Here we have the sound frozen into the vinyl of a record, wobbling a stylus which in turn jiggles a cantilever in the cartridge or pickup head. Wiggles from the cantilever produce a voltage which is the electrical equivalent of the original sound.

It shouldn't even work as well as it does. But not only do cartridges and record players function, they represent our best source of sound for any hi-fi system, with tape of all kinds and AM and FM broadcasting in hot pursuit for the No. 1 position.

Will AM or FM or tape ever catch up? Not likely if the present improvement rate in phono disc sound reproduction continues.

One manufacturer of a direct-drive automatic turntable uses resin concrete to make its base anti-resonant. The same model uses a separate motor for moving the tonearm.

Another record player has an AC servo control motor plus a quartz crystal oscillator in a phase-locked loop circuit for speed control. In this model the underside of the platter has a magnetic coating which has one thousand equally spaced magnetized areas. These can induce a voltage in a nearby head, a pickup coil, producing a feedback signal which can be used to correct turntable speed.

Record players have become equipped with a variety of features, including automatic start, stop and return, automatic indexing with the tonearm lifting up and setting down at the start of a 7", 10" or 12" disc. With memo repeat you can play a record and then repeat the play a number of times; there is also a provision that allows repeat play indefinitely.

With some turntables, no external stylus pressure gauge is needed. Stylus force can be dialed by using a calibrated clock mainspring.

Skating force isn't uniform throughout the playing of a record, but becomes smaller as the stylus approaches the end of record play. Consequently, skating force compensation shouldn't be a fixed amount but should be a function of the location of the groove. In one turntable skating force is reduced as the stylus travels the grooves so as to keep the stylus positioned in the center of the groove.

Turntable manufacturers are moving in the direction of circuits and mechanisms which can keep the user from damaging phono records, no matter how careless he might be. LED indicators to "call out" selected functions have made their appearance. Rapid startup has become a selling point and some manufacturers claim operating speed is reached in a fraction of a turn of the platter.

One of the newest developments is the pulse code modulated (PCM) disc, and here both the record and pickup cartridge undergo a dramatic change. In one such system there are no grooves in the record to guide the "stylus." The audio signal is re-

corded as pits on the disc surface and the sliding "stylus" is guided electronically to pick up the recorded signal. This sliding "stylus" has about 10 times the contact area of a present-day stylus.

One manufacturer has developed a one-sided reflective disc, scanned by a low power helium neon laser which makes no physical contact with the disc so record wear problems are eliminated. The laser beam arrangement is mounted in the pickup arm.

The PCM disc will be a break away from the past. It will substantially improve dynamic range. Presently, about the best you can get from the modern phono record is about 60dB, while the new disc could have a dynamic range of about 80dB to 90dB.

With the new discs will come a substantial increase in playing time, with the possibility of an entire long opera recorded on just one side. Discs will have a playing time of two hours or more.

With longer playing times the phono record may be reduced in size from 12" to 6" or less. This could lead to smaller phono motors since less torque will be needed. It could also lead to the mini record player. We now have mini speakers, mini pre- and power amps, mini tuners and cassette decks. The record player is the last holdout, but with the new technology, hi-fi systems might occupy less than half the space that they do now.

More attention will be on maintenance of constant record speed and less on the actual speed itself. Whether a turntable plays at 33 rpm or 33 1/3 rpm isn't all that important, provided the platter turns at a constant speed. There will be a slight change in pitch, not a variable change, but simply an increase or decrease that will remain absolutely steady. Most listeners do not have the musical expertise or training to detect the difference. Sonic annoyance comes from speed changes, wow and flutter.

With all these promising developments ready, you may be tempted to think about unloading your present phono setup. Wait. Research and development costs are recovered from consumers, so technologically advanced equipment is going to be high in cost, probably more than you may be willing to pay. Manufacturers are also not likely to rush into print to alert you about possible negative aspects of new components.

Martin Clifford



March's Ampersand of the Month, possibly subtitled *The Last Ski Run*, is from Pam Dodgen of Athens, Georgia, and earns her \$25.00. Those readers with a creative bent are invited to submit their *objets d'art* to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. Be neat, use black ink on white paper and put your name and address on the art.

On Screen

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY, starring Sean Connery, Donald Sutherland & Lesley-Anne Down; written and directed by Michael Crichton from his novel.

Crichton's novel was a wonderful adventure, a tour of Victorian perversity and greed, a lexicon of little-known joys and hazards of the period. The film doesn't achieve the same level of fascination because the perversity is absent, but what's left is enjoyable and sometimes good.

Connery plays a thief passing as a gentleman in order to pull off the first moving-train heist in history. He's after the gold shipment to the Crimea, a £25,000 payroll, protected in its train vault by four locks, the keys to which are kept by three separate men. Connery enlists the aid of his actress mistress, Down, and pickpocket Sutherland in finding and duplicating the keys.

The underworld scenes are full of smoke and haze and Dickensian weirdos, while the upper classes frequent fancy brothels and raving dens—where dogs are thrown into pits with rats, killing a prescribed number of rodents within a designated time in order to win the wager.

Connery has more hair and middle than I remember, but he's still a pleasure to the eyes; Sutherland, even with his pathetic attempt at an English accent, is lively and funny; but Down, who was so hauntingly beautiful in *Upstairs, Downstairs*, is merely decorative and remarkably unsexy.

Judith Sims

QUINTET, starring Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey & Bibi Andersson; written by Robert Altman, Frank Barhydt and Patricia Resnick; directed by Robert Altman.

In that entertaining roundup of wretchedness, *The 50 Worst Films of All Time*, authors Harry Medved and Randy Dreyfuss collect both types of cinema's classic stinkers: those movies whose mindless atrocities bring fond smiles to the face and chuckles to the lips (*Robot Monster*, *Che!*, *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*), and those which simply inspire a sort of numb awe mixed with rage and repugnance (*That Last Movie*, *The Trial of Billy Jack*).

When Medved and Dreyfuss update their volume, high among the candidates will probably be 1978's *The Swarm* and *Moment by Moment*. The former should be especially fun to describe and dissect—it has a hearty unintended giggle roughly every forty seconds. But 1979's thus-far prime candidate is of the more dismal sort.

Quintet may indeed be the worst film ever made. Though willing to bet on that opinion, I can't be sure—for two reasons. I've seen thousands of films, but they're easily outnumbered by the ones I haven't seen; and I only saw the first forty minutes of *Quintet*. Pardon me for forsaking my critical duty. Up until this picture, Robert Altman's seventeenth, I thought myself made of sterner stuff. Now I know what every POW wonders, without having to find out for real—I'd crack under skillful torture in about 30 seconds.

Bad films like *Quintet* are infinitely harder to bear than naively unskilled messes like *Robot Monster*. All we can do in the case of Altman's film is sit there and wonder when the director meant his work to be put to rest. And when it comes to

anything, he had in mind. The film is not only offensive to the viewer—alternately boring and foul—but it may spell professional suicide for Altman. Who'll give him even \$5 to make a movie if the masses don't turn out to be masochists for this one? His only hope is for Pauline Kael to become a multimillionaire.

The plot of *Quintet* is something about a snowbound future city in which people dress up like Italian Renaissance dukes or peasants and center their lives around a game that . . . oh screw it. Pray you never have to see it.

Terry Atkinson



MURDER BY DECREE, starring Christopher Plummer, James Mason, Donald Sutherland, Genevieve Bujold & David Hemmings; written by John Hopkins; directed by Bob Clark.

This is surely the slowest, mistiest Sherlock Holmes film ever; London is awash in yellow smoke. The sets are obviously sets and the makeup is so heavy Plummer looks like a Max Factor advertisement. But the plot, confusing and convoluted, has some interesting modern parallels: political coverups and the disastrous effects that ensue when unbalanced underlings think they're helping their superiors. It's never clear whether Jack the Ripper has anything to do with these murders, but the movie does take after—and sometimes captures—governmental dirty tricks, Freemasonry and the radical movement.

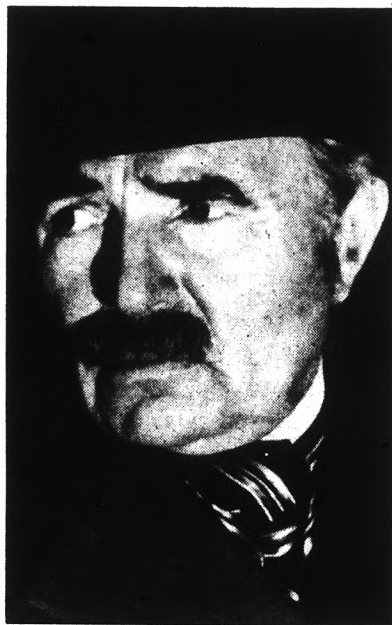
Mason is a wonderful Dr. Watson, righteous and caring, frequently befuddled but never a buffoon. The relationship between Holmes and Watson is especially nice here, not the usual genius-stooge friendship.

Plummer is handsome, but I missed the typical exultation over clues, the mad dashes and clipped dialogue. Plummer is more human, but ultimately less exciting. A fine supporting cast is just that, each appearing for a few minutes and then disappearing, which gives the whole a fragmented, piecemeal effect. Nor is it particularly scary—just grisly.

Unlike previous Holmes stories by A. Conan Doyle, this plot is not wrapped up neatly. There is a tedious, talky scene at the end, and a confusing, confusing

ing. *Murder by Decree* demands more than the usual degree of audience concentration, but it offers more too—an ambitious script that, while unsuccessful on some levels, is certainly more intriguing than its damnably-clever-of-you-Holmes predecessors. It is not in the least elementary.

Judith Sims



Plummer as Holmes (left), Mason as Watson (above).

HARDCORE, starring George C. Scott, Peter Boyle & Season Hubley; written & directed by Paul Schrader.

George C. Scott plays a strict churchgoer and apparent widower from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who travels through the subculture of Los Angeles pornography in order to find his runaway daughter. A simple plot, fraught with possibilities: does he lose his faith, does he doubt his principles? Does he descend, even for a while, into decadence? Is he ruined, cleansed, redeemed?

Alas, no.

Scott spends most of 106 minutes walking by and through sleazy sex shops; he looks uncomfortable, sometimes even pained, but nothing he can't handle. Oh, he belts a few guys in the chops, but basically he remains the same good guy, unchanged for all his ordeal. And the daughter? Why does she leave in the first place? All we see at the beginning is a home full of loving people, religious but not oppressively so. Later, when Scott tells Hubley, a whore with a heart of brass, his religious beliefs—predestination, original sin, an appalling catalog of inevitability—he merely recites the tenets and she doesn't even question them. It looks like a scene that should say something, but it's just chitchat.

Like Scott's religion, this film is inevitable; we learn that Scott's wife is not dead, she left him, and we also learn, at the end of the movie, that the daughter left because she felt she could never measure up to her father's expectations. There was, of course, no hint of any of this earlier in the film, when it would have done us some good. Motivation is obviously a foreign word to Schrader (himself a

former Grand Rapids Calvinist).

Boyle, as a perverse detective hired to find the daughter, and Hubley are more successful because they don't have much to do; but Scott, one of our national treasures, is annoyingly one-dimensional. Scott and Schrader did not, reportedly, get along during *Hardcore*; Scott supposedly walked off the picture vowing he would finish only if Schrader promised never to direct again.

It's not such an unreasonable demand. As a screenwriter, Schrader created some interesting, if not always perfect, movies: *Taxi Driver*, *Obsession*, *The Yakuza*. As a writer-director, he's handed us *Blue Collar* and *Hardcore* and will soon tackle *American Gigolo*. Maybe it's time he realized the typewriter is his best friend.

Judith Sims

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW starring Tim Curry, Susan Sarandon, Barry Bostwick; written by Jim Sharman & Richard O'Brien, based on the stage musical by O'Brien; directed by Jim Sharman.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show was released over three years ago and still plays to packed audiences, but the most amazing thing of all is the audience reaction to this horror film.

The first sign that this wasn't just any old movie came when I saw someone selling bags of rice (uncooked) in front of the theatre. Then I noticed that many people had brought an unusual assortment of supplies—boxes of rice, flashlights, water pistols, painted signs, hot dogs, and newspapers. I began to wonder if I was to see a movie or *Let's Make a Deal*.

The first scene of the film introduced Brad and Janet, coming out of a church after a wedding. Everyone on the screen was throwing rice. The audience threw rice, too.

From then on, the mood was set. For the rest of the movie, every time Janet appeared, the audience threw rice.

The audience liked Janet, but they hated Brad. Consequently, every time Brad appeared, the audience hissed and shouted, "Asshole!" One guy held up a sign with "Asshole" scrawled on it. A few helpful souls shined flashlights on the sign so everybody could see it.

Brad and Janet have typical horror picture bad luck when their car breaks down in front of a spooky castle. An even spookier man answers the door and leads them in to use the telephone. The owner of the castle is a mad scientist who also happens to be a "transvestite from transsexual Transylvania." He has just built a man called Rocky to be his lover. The scientist's name is Frank N. Furter and, you guessed it, hot dogs were soon flying through the theatre.

As in most horror movies, there are a lot of dark rainstorm scenes. The audience was happy to oblige with their water pistols. Now I understand why everyone carried newspapers into the theatre; by holding one over your head, you could avoid getting completely soaked.

Meat Loaf makes an appearance as a character called Eddie, but he is killed by Frank N. Furter. Someone says, "Let's have a toast to Eddie!" Toast? Immediately the theatre looked like a toaster test center.

Then there is a dinner scene during which the characters eat what looks like a huge leg of lamb. The audience cried out in dismay, "Meat Loaf for dinner again?"

Later, I asked the theatre manager if he planted people in the audience to get things going. He denied it, saying that from the very first day, this kind of thing was happening.

How do *Rocky Horror* audiences differ from regular audiences? Quoth the manager: "Well, if you want the truth, I think they're all a bunch of weirdos."

Merry Atkinson

On disc

(Continued from page 20)

Roger McGuinn's folkie guitar instincts and penchant for calypso provide the album's most human moments. Multi-instrumentalist Hillman creates satisfying music, but not an identity. Clark, most mysterious of the ex-Byrds, stops by mainly to sing some intriguing lyrics. All three, essentially, take over the band for their own songs, then step back to harmonize on everyone else's.

Unlike the Byrds, who were thematic explorers in search of a unifying sound, McGuinn, Clark and Hillman aim for the buyers of sweet, romantic pop. The craftsmanship, much of it by producers Ron and Howard Albert, is smart and glossy. McGuinn, Clark & Hillman is like a warm swim in a pool of sound waves. Yet there are moments with punch, like McGuinn's spirited chorus on "Don't You Write Her Off."

The musicians, two of whom entered the project without solo recording contracts (a situation unlike the half-hearted one that spawned their frequently derided, Crosby-produced, Byrds reunion album of 1973), seem simultaneously confident of their skills and aware that this may be their last chance to escape playing "Mr. Tambourine Man" on the retread circuit. If sonic beauty guarantees a winner, they're sure to cut a fat slice.

Byron Laursen

DIRE STRAITS

Dire Straits (Warner Brothers)

Dire Straits is a superb and most promising new band that springs fairly intact from the British blues traditions of the mid-Sixties—groups like Fleetwood Mac, the Animals and the Rolling Stones. *Dire Straits* is their excellent debut album, in the tradition of DEVO, Mink DeVille and the Cars—rough, tough-nosed music with cerebral street appeal.

Mark Knopfler, creator of Dire Straits, a visionary and stylistic accumulator, has all the earmarks of a poet. At moments he sounds like Dylan, at other times like Jim Morrison. On cuts like "Down by the Waterline" and "Sultans of Swing," the sound turns to Van Morrison, to Eric Clapton and even to early Gerry Rafferty. Yet the band keeps a consistency about itself by virtue of their clever originality.

The British rock press, with its penchant for odd ramblings, described Dire Straits as "aware and forward looking as front league punky wavers, combining excellent technique with authentic emotion which is neither complacent, middle-aged nor self-centered." More to the point, they present a fresh, if spare, English interpretation of cut-to-the-bone blues. Their musicianship is assured enough to let them play it dry—like J.J. Cale—instead of flashy like the majority of Britbloozers. Dire Straits sounds like a band with lasting power.

Merrill Shindler

ANTON BRUCKNER

Symphony No. 4 ("Romantic"): Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipzig; Kurt Masur, conductor (Vanguard)

There is passionate dispute between those who favor Anton Bruckner and those who find that late German romantic overwrought and tedious. This East German recording is a grand invitation to join the debate, a well-performed and well-recorded argument on Bruckner's behalf. No question that Bruck-

ner's music is long winded—ten climaxes in search of a finale—but there is still a certain majesty, a splendor elevating it above most of the orchestral garbage of the late 19th century.

The symphony itself is Bruckner's most accessible—tuneful, rich in orchestral colors, infused with religious intensity. One warning: this is music which needs to be played at high volume, a requirement which could spread the Bruckner debate through entire dormitories and apartment houses.

Ed Gray

ROD STEWART

Blondes Have More Fun (Warner Bros.)

Rod knows full well every irrational teenybopper on the planet thinks he's sexy. He's been on the cover of *People* to prove it. Ron Wood's defection to the Rolling Stones saved him from a puddle of mascara, rhinestones and pink scarves. Stewart's new band sounds great in the elevator. His pose is stale enough to prove the Sex Pistols were right. "Boring old fart" is putting it mildly.

Chris Clark

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

Move It on Over (Rounder)

Remember all those mid-Sixties debates about whether a white man could sing the blues? In the case of George Thorogood, the late Seventies answer to the mid-Sixties white bluesman, the answer is mixed. Thorogood is primarily a guitar player, a skill he delivers with authority and conviction. His guitar attack is awesome, especially on the more standard Bo Diddley-Chuck Berry-Elmore James numbers. Unfortunately, George has a throaty but ultimately weak voice. Though he doesn't try to ape black blues dialects, a ploy that raised the whole "can whites sing the blues?" controversy to begin with, his voice lacks the phrasing and finesse that his guitar playing has, in spades (no pun intended).

On *Move It on Over*, his second LP for small, folkie-oriented Rounder records, Thorogood runs through a variety of styles that he labels "traditional rock and roll." The Diddley-Berry-James triumverate is paid its due while the rest of the album rambles between slow blues ballads, country-flavored blues, jump blues and boogie. It's an exciting set of guitar for the most part, with little-to-no tension in the back-up instrumentation by the unsuitably named Destroyers.

Thorogood is a killer onstage, and his blues styling doesn't feel posed or faked on record. The problem is that one emotionally-charged guitar player does not make a whole band. More variance in instrumental format, depth and tension in the back-up playing, and a new vocalist would definitely help. Then, too, a guest shot on *Saturday Night Live* would help more. Thorogood and his boys might even replace the platinum-selling Blues Brothers, and thus at least replace a bad joke with a better one.

Tom Vickers

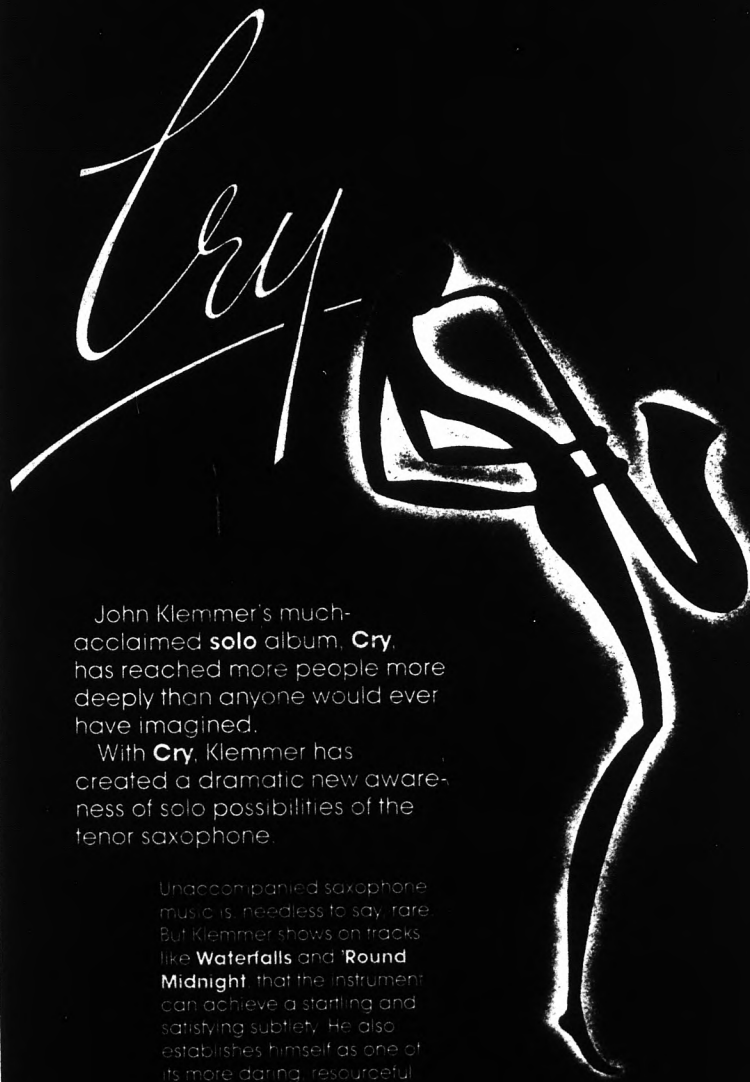
ROBERT JOHNSON

Close Personal Friend (Infinity)

Robert Johnson's debut LP on the new Infinity label shows that his Fifties rockabilly roots have given him solid rock and roll sensibilities. *Close Personal Friend* (his Gibson, by the way) launches off with some dynamic guitar riffing on "I'll Be Waiting." "Wish upon a Star" is equally infectious, even with its "wish I may/wish I might" dribble.

Vicki Arkoff

JOHN KLEMMER SOLO SAXOPHONE



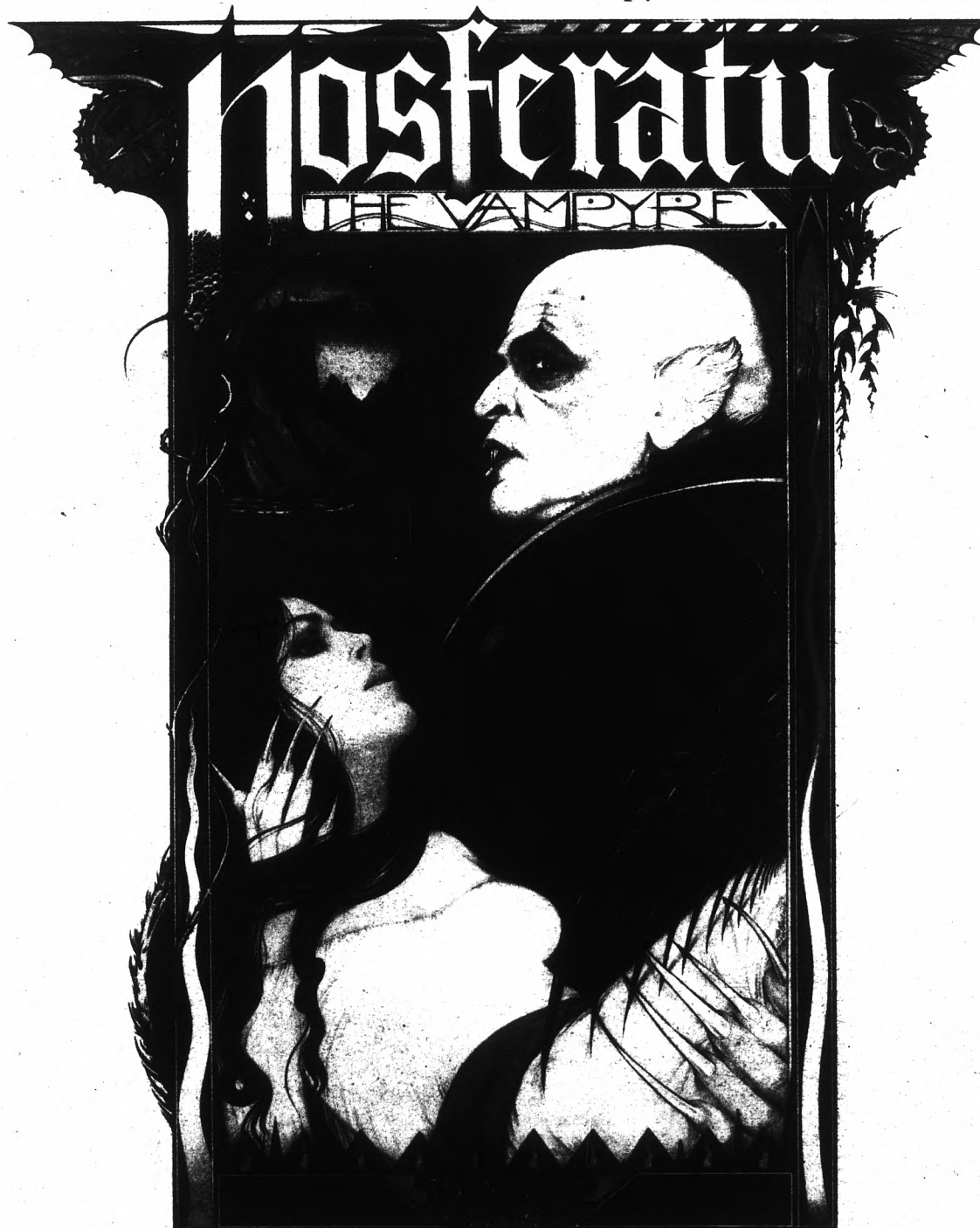
John Klemmer's much-acclaimed solo album, *Cry*, has reached more people more deeply than anyone would ever have imagined.

With *Cry*, Klemmer has created a dramatic new awareness of solo possibilities of the tenor saxophone.

Unaccompanied saxophone music is, needless to say, rare. But Klemmer shows on tracks like *Waterfalls* and *Round Midnight* that the instrument can achieve a startling and satisfying subtlety. He also establishes himself as one of its more daring, resourceful practitioners.

People Magazine

It is fear and fun. It is a scream of horror and a cry of delight.
It is Nosferatu, the Vampyre.



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